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LETTERS

Sinclair as novelist

Piney Flats, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: In an editorial appearing in the December 9th issue, you remark, "Sinclair was not a great novelist or social critic. . . ." By whose and what standard? Robert Morss Lovett in his book *Preface to Fiction* considers a half dozen *great* novels for study among which appears Upton Sinclair's *Boston*. An Italian once raved to me about the masterful job Sinclair did in painting the characters of Sacco and Vanzetti—great art and great writing, he said. A famous American sexologist once chose Sinclair's novel *Oil!* as one of a dozen great contemporary novels. Whatever the literary critics may think of *The Jungle*, the common people of the world think it great.

As for his being a social critic, what's wrong with *The Brass Check* for example? Not great? Do you know anything like it in American literature? Have the college students discovered his book *The Goose Step* or are they just rebelling and proving its thesis?

Literary fashions go in cycles. The trend now seeks to run to fornication: begin the story in the bedroom and end it there, saturate it with all the four-letter words that can be thought of, borrow descriptions from a volume of psychopathia sexualis until the reader is either satiated or disgusted. If the country ever sobers up from its war- drunkenness, perhaps there will be a place for an old-fashioned Puritan like Upton Sinclair and proper recognition given him as a great novelist and social critic.

Melville Kress

southern courtesy

Alexandria, Va.

DEAR SIRS: Am amazed and shocked by the treatment of Benedict Kiely and his lady friend by the city of Atlanta [Nov. 25].

As a Southerner whose grandpappy fit and bled with the Confederate cavalry, and myself served as a GI for four years in WW II, it saddens me to learn that a Southern city could show such poor manners to two strangers.

A native Southerner assured me that Jackson, Mississippi and Atlanta, Georgia, were completely in control of the Yankees and we might expect modern Yankee hospitality. It is good to learn that the Yankees in Atlanta are now gracious Southerners in their treatment of strangers.

John C. Rogers

does work pay?

Oak Park, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I was much interested in the article on New York City's welfare wage supplementation program. It appears that New York uses much the same system as Chicago. I disagree, however, that the system encourages people to work. Calculating net income by taking into consideration certain wage-related expenses is all very well, but a man who is not employed does not have to pay carfare or buy lunch out, and nothing is deducted from his (welfare) income for social security or income tax. Welfare covers the family's medical expenses, too, whether he works or not. It seems to me that the only direct benefit a man receives from working is the "flat allowance of $20 per month for other work-related expenses" (the allowance is probably insufficient anyway). In other words, he is $20 per month better off if he works, or $240 per year—not $280 or $960—and I don't think that's much incentive.

Judith L. Inskeep

(Continued on page 692)

EDITORIALS

Nixon's Men

President-elect Nixon's choices constitute not so much a Cabinet in the traditional sense as a "team" or "task force." The appointees are Nixon men, close associates. Not one of them has an independent national political base; the Cabinet contains no potential rivals. The men named are rather gray figures, pragmatists (there is a refreshing absence of ideologues), "generalists," largely uncommitted, flexible. The Republican South was ignored, as was the Goldwater wing, but this is not surprising. Once elected, Presidents usually move toward the Center; if they are Democrats, they try to placate the Right, if Republicans they take a half-step toward the Left by moving a little closer to the Center.

The absence of liberal-moderate Republicans is noticeable: passed over were Rockefeller, Percy, Hatfield, Chafee, Lindsay, Gardner, Cooper. Fortunately it is a partisan Cabinet; the two major parties are enough alike as it is without confusing responsibility further through so-called coalition Cabinets. There are no political pay-offs reflected in the appointments. It is apparent that the President-elect gave the problem of Cabinet selection his close study; he knew the kind of men he wanted, and he knew why he wanted them.

The same careful political planning is reflected in the selection of Presidential aides. Bryce Harlow, for example, is a fine appointment. (The notices about him neglected to mention that he wrote President Eisenhower's famous "farewell address" on the military-industrial complex.) Although a hawk, Henry Kissinger is more flexible than Walt Whitman Rostow, soon to join the faculty of the University of Texas. More important, Richard Allen, who advised Nixon during the campaign, was given second rank. Mr. Allen comes from the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford, which has been overrun of recent years with Hungarian "freedom fighters" and right-wing extremists; it should be rechristened the Hoover Institution on the Cold War.

Dr. Paul W. McCracken is a good appointment, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge an excellent one. Herbert Klein, though a mediocrity as an editor, may turn out to be an acceptable press aide. Sargent Shriver should be a first-rate Ambassador at the UN. Daniel P. Moynihan is a classic opportunist, whose reputation as an "idea man" has been vastly inflated. Although both men are, in a sense, "defectors" from the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, the probability is that they were named, first of all, as a gesture to the liberal Democrats and independents, but also with the cynical thought in mind that, given the nature of their assignments, they will be cut up in due course. (Better that Democrats should be sacrificed than Republicans.)

In general, Nixon's handling of the always delicate problem of Cabinet selection shows the political skill that might be expected. The gesture to Sen. Henry Jackson was shrewd politics: it was highly pleasing to the hawks of both parties and to the big wheels of the aerospace industry. The fact this gesture was made probably insures Nixon

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the cooperation, for the time being at least, of the key committees on defense spending. Actually, Melvin Laird is less hawkish than Jackson, and the generals may find him to be a rather tough man to deal with.

Also, by skillful staging, the President-elect managed to make it appear that he wanted to give a top appointment to Governor Rockefeller, when there is not the slightest reason to think that he did. While the appointment of Gov. Walter J. Hickel will cause some concern among conservationists, it was politically astute, since Hickel is not publicly committed on some of the key issues with which the Secretary of the Interior must deal.

The President-elect owes nothing to George Meany; at the same time organized labor will find it difficult to object to Dr. George Shultz as Secretary of Labor. Similarly, the warring factions on farm policy cannot take umbrage at the appointment of Dr. Clifford Hardin as Secretary of Agriculture, and he is more likely to turn in a good performance than, say, a farm state Senator, Governor or Representative.

David Kennedy is a better appointment for the Treasury than Maurice Stans who was first proposed, but Stans will probably be an effective Secretary of Commerce. It is true that William Rogers has had scant experience in international affairs, but Dean Rusk did—and we know what kind of Secretary of State he turned out to be.

The most obvious apparent weaknesses are to be found, first, in John Mitchell's appointment to the critically important post of Attorney General (although this weakness may be remedied by the selection of the right kind of person to head the Civil Rights Division); and, generally, in the posts related to urban affairs.

Frankly we are surprised at the "surprise" which has been widely expressed over the selections; it is much the kind of Cabinet we expected Nixon would name. He succeeded in getting the kind of Cabinet and staff he wanted, not necessarily the kind the country needs. We doubt that any of the men named will turn out to possess that "extra dimension" of greatness which the President-elect stressed. If any of them do, *that* indeed will be surprising. For it should be obvious that the selections reflect a retreat from the concept of greatness; these are not "great" men, they are operators, hopefully good "team" men.

But in these times—and with Nixon in the White House—one must be grateful for competence and moderation. The members of the new Cabinet will not provide leadership. That must come, if it comes at all, from the President-elect. Competence and moderation in Cabinet and staff will be of little avail unless there is real leadership in the White House. In the past, strong Presidential leadership has reflected qualities of personal greatness which we have never been able to detect in Mr. Nixon.

As a postscript, "the great presentation" ceremony struck us as being very much in the spirit and style of the kind of "presentation" an insecure Madison Avenue pitchman might make in trying to land a new account. The attempts at humor were not exactly hilarious, and the star performer had memorized his lines so thoroughly that, as will happen in such circumstances, he forgot to name the new Secretary of Commerce. The ceremony, so prim and proper, was inelegant if not downright amateurish. It was

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clearly an embarrassment to the participants if not the viewing audience. The men blinked not an eyelash and the wives looked straight ahead, not knowing whether to smile, not knowing quite what was expected of them. Mrs. Nixon, as usual, looked slightly dazed. Give him high marks for effort but the unhappy fact is that the President-elect, on such occasions, tries too hard.

Cultural Freedom's New Image

Credit the International Association for Cultural Freedom with an earnest effort to clean up its somewhat tarnished image by staging a marathon talkfest at Princeton University, where an assembly of carefully screened and selected intellectuals offered a wealth of unsolicited advice to the incoming Nixon administration on how to carry on at home and abroad. The association has been reorganized since it was revealed to have been the recipient of funds from the CIA—a charge which spokesmen for the association vehemently and righteously denied (they once threatened this publication with all sorts of dire consequences for having stated the fact).

The Princeton seminars represent the first significant surfacing of the association since the unfortunate disclosure. Image changing required, of course, a few changes in the cast. Reported as not being present, for example, were Mr. Melvin J. Lasky and Mr. Michael Josselson who, for so many years, held high the torch of cultural freedom. At the same time, the scope of the dialogue was slightly broadened, though kept well within the accepted areas.

The presence of Andreas Papandreou, however, added a definite zip to the proceedings. Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr., in a column on the assembly, illogically lamented the presence of one "sometime fellow traveller"—raising again the old query, "how free is cultural freedom?"—but commented, quite logically, on the failure to invite "such leaders in the founding of their association as Sidney Hook, Irving Kristol and Lionel Trilling." In the same spirit, might not the presence of such intellectuals as William A. Williams, Christopher Lasch, Howard Zinn, Eugene Genovese, Gar Alperowitz, I. F. Stone and Andrew Kopkind have added a dimension of interest and relevance to the proceedings?

A high point of this first session since the association's rebirth was an interview with Alastair Buchan of London's Institute of Strategic Studies. In the course of this interview, Mr. Buchan observed that the institute never had received any money, directly or indirectly, from the Central Intelligence Agency, noting: "I would perfectly recognize CIA money if I saw it, because I know a lot about it." We know nothing about it, but have always assumed that it would be fairly easy to recognize, since we have yet to hear of a case in which the CIA has managed to slip funds into the exchequer of an organization without someone's knowing about it. But the former Cultural Freedom officials apparently lacked Mr. Buchan's sharp eye for subsidy. In any case, the association has taken a small step in the direction of real cultural freedom and the CIA has been able to reduce its budget, a mite, without its original "seed money" having as yet born bitter fruit.

The Money's in the Hardware

Some time back (October 14, p. 357), we commented on Defense Secretary Clark Clifford's address to the National Security Industrial Association in which he opened up delightful vistas of what might be accomplished if the know-how of the military-industrial teams were to be applied to some of the country's more urgent social problems. Much earlier we had occasion to comment on former Gov. Edmund G. Brown's laudable efforts to get California's huge aerospace companies interested in such programs. At various times—as when it seemed that the war in Vietnam might be terminated sooner than expected, or when it appeared likely that NASA's budget might be cut substantially—the aerospace empire builders have talked as though they really might be interested in using their accumulated technical skills in some such effort. But the election of Richard M. Nixon, who takes what the industry regards as a "very positive" stand on large-scale defense spending, is putting an end to all that sort of idle chatter.

Recently Bernard D. Nossiter of *The Washington Post* interviewed major aerospace industrial leaders in Dallas, Fort Worth, San Diego and Los Angeles. He concludes that the aerospace industry has only a marginal interest in nondefense work of any kind; what interests them is "the long term threat" which produces military contracts, and just now that threat looms larger than it has for some years. An unnamed official in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency agrees: "We are now at the edge of a precipice where we can escalate sharply. The industry thinks that agreements to limit arms are unlikely and will go all out to realize their expectations. We are at the threshold of another round in the arms race, just as we were eight years ago when we went all out for long range missiles."

One indiscreet executive gave Mr. Nossiter a graphic briefing on the advantages of selling "security." "It's basic. Its selling appeal is defense of the home. This is one of the greatest appeals the politicians have in adjusting the system. If you're the President and you need a control factor in the economy, and you need to sell this factor, you can't sell Harlem and Watts but you can sell self-preservation. We are going to increase defense budgets as long as those bastards in Russia are ahead of us."

True, systems analysis can define and help solve some social problems, but the rate and magnitude of profit taking is what determines how the aerospace industry applies its technical skills (see article p. 684). The big money is not in the design but in the hardware, in what is made. Even if such practical difficulties as finding a customer with funds to spend were removed, social problem solving would not yield a sufficient rate of return to be of interest to the industry. "The industry figures," writes Mr. Nossiter, "as a rule of thumb, that if it earns $20 million from research on a device, it will pick up $200 million for developing and testing it and $2 billion in production. That is why everybody says that the money is in the hardware." Not only are profits high but defense contracting is a form of "risk free" enterprise; the Pentagon underwrites unexpected costs.

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In a speech in New York last week, Sen. George McGovern pointed out that "the mounting influence of the military-industrial complex" has become "the most serious internal threat facing the United States on the eve of the Nixon administration." This is the real threat on which the nation's attention should now be unremittingly concentrated.

Gunter and the Two Germanys

On November 25 a teen-age boy was discovered writhing and screaming for help in an East German mine field. After his cries had ceased, the East Germans carried him away on a stretcher. Two days later the West German tabloid *Bild Zeitung* carried a banner headline, "Refugee Bleeds To Death." The West German Government officially condemned the Communist leaders of East Germany as "barbaric and inhuman." (This is the standard West German reaction whenever an East German is killed or injured in trying to escape to the West.)

The next day the East Germans, "with obvious relish" (*The New York Times*, December 9) announced that the victim was not an East German at all but a West German, Günter Opperman, 16 years old, and that he was alive in an East German hospital. Both his legs had been badly mutilated when he stumbled into the mine field and his right leg had to be amputated, but he was recovering.

What had happened, it turned out, was that the boy's parents were separated and the mother, 42, was living with a 19-year-old lover. Günter and the lover quarreled and Günter was sent to a children's home, where he alleges he was beaten. He escaped and jumped the barbed wire into the East German mine field, thinking it was a deer preserve. The East Germans, uncertain of the mapping of the mine field, blew mines from the entrance side until three doctors were able to get to the youth and carry him out.

The boy's father visited him in the hospital and found the room full of flowers and piles of chocolate, oranges and cigarettes on his bedside table—a star patient, obviously. The father, who is unemployed and living on a $13-a-month West German war pension, was given an indefinitely valid entry permit and assured that the East German Government would take care of all hospital costs and provide an artificial leg for his son. On his return to West Germany, Mr. Opperman said that he had not found the East Germans barbaric.

Both Germanys could learn a lesson from this incident. But will they?

Nuclear Power–Not So Fast

In 1966 the boom in nuclear power plants reached such heights that by October Westinghouse and General Electric were booked up for plants to go into operation in 1970, and were nearing manufacturing capacity for 1971. Sustained through 1967, the boom slackened off in 1968. In March of this year, Philip Sporn, the highly respected retired president of the American Electric Power Company, reported to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy that nuclear power's spectacular upsurge in 1966-67 occurred despite "remarkably little" progress in nuclear economics, as compared with fossil-fuel generating costs. Consequently orders for nuclear plants could be expected to decline "significantly" from the 1966-67 levels.

However unwelcome this forecast may be to those interests which, in the good old free enterprise way, are intent on getting theirs here and now, it is actually in the interest of the healthy, long-term growth of nuclear power. That factors of uncertainty and insecurity exist in the current situation is clear from warnings by experts in the field, including Admiral Hyman Rickover, as well as incidents reported in *Nuclear Industry*, the informative monthly magazine of the Atomic Industrial Forum.

Consider first the case of the Enrico Fermi atomic plant at Monroe, Mich., about 30 miles south of Detroit. Fermi is a small (61 megawatt) experimental plant of the fast breeder type, which ultimately is expected to supersede the existing commercial nuclear plants, most of which are in the 400-1,100 megawatt class and use boiling or pressurized water for heat transfer. Though small in electrical output (since it was conceived as a research project), Fermi was not small in cost—$124 million, of which $70 million came from Detroit Edison. In October, 1966, the Fermi installation suffered a serious accident—a reactor core meltdown—which, while it did not injure operating personnel or spread radiation outside the reactor building, necessitated a complete shutdown. Operators hope the shutdown will end by April, 1969, but this would make the down period two years and four months, with no guarantee that it will not last even longer or that further accidents will not occur when experimental operation is resumed.

With an experimental reactor it may be argued that accidents are instructive, but the Fermi accident was perhaps too instructive. Diagnosis alone took over a year and then turned out to be wrong. A piece of sheet metal found lying below the reactor was declared to be something left behind in construction, and was believed to have obstructed the flow of coolant. While the meltdown was indeed caused in this way, the piece of sheet metal was later found to be part of a flow guide which had been added toward the end of the construction period and never recorded in the construction drawings. When this loose procedure was criticized by Rep. Craig Hosmer of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Milton Shaw, the AEC's reactor development director, conceded that it was "inexcusable" but explained: "When you are under a tight budgetary situation, people don't feel it is important to document things and they pass that up in favor of doing other things. This is characteristic of any engineering business." To which one can only reply that it had better not be characteristic of commercial nuclear engineering, with power that may be twenty times that of the experimental Fermi reactor.

From an economic standpoint, there are two instances of technical and economic troubles encountered in commercial reactor planning and construction which are relevant. One is the Southern California Bolsa Island combined electric generating and water desalting plant, a cooperative venture of the federal government, the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, the Los

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Angeles Department of Water & Power, Southern California Edison, and San Diego Gas & Electric. In three years, while the planners were planning, the cost rose from $434 million to $765 million, so that the future of the whole project is now in doubt. The other is the Oyster Bay No. 1 project of Jersey Central Power & Light, a 640-megawatt plant for which General Electric is the prime contractor. After assurances that the plant could go on line October 1, 1967, various delays necessitated a change of date to July 1, 1968. However, numerous small welding cracks were discovered in October, 1967, in the pressure vessel, built by a GE subcontractor. GE thought that repairs should not delay construction more than two weeks, but at last advices the plant was not scheduled to go on line until May, 1969, or about twenty months behind the promised delivery date.

The fact is that at the 1966-67 contract pace nuclear power was going too far, too fast. The number of skilled, experienced nuclear power engineers is inadequate for such a rate of design, manufacture and checking. A single accident involving casualties could set nuclear power back for years. In one of his last speeches in the Senate, Thruston Morton called for a "most comprehensive" review of the federal government's participation in the atomic power program, with primary emphasis on safety factors. Sharp dissent was evoked in industry circles by Senator Morton's remarks, but a sober re-evaluation would seem to be in order.

Two-way Diplomacy

What looks like sabotage of a possible relaxation of tensions between the U.S. and USSR was perpetrated in the declining weeks of the Johnson Administration. It could have been the work of Dean Rusk, whose skill in the art of posturing as a man of peace while simultaneously stoking the fires of U.S.-Soviet discord has been one of his prime accomplishments.

The most recent instance of doublespeak—or, more accurately, speech and action tending in opposite directions—was in connection with the proposed missile talks between the two superpowers. Peter Grose reported in *The New York Times* on December 3 that Soviet diplomats in Washington, and even Premier Kosygin himself, had passed specific word that the Soviet leadership remained interested in opening the missile talks. Mr. Kosygin raised the matter with former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara on the latter's visit to Moscow in November and also with two visiting Senators, Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and Albert Gore of Tennessee, both Democrats. "The irony is," according to Grose, "that the United States, which has been pressing for the talks for the last two years, is now holding them up."

The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia ruled out any discussion for the time being, the more so as Richard Nixon, then a candidate for the Presidency, had expressed opposition, and as President-elect had to be consulted on future moves. Next, since the invasion had injected new life into NATO, the members of the alliance had to be assured that any U.S.-USSR talks would not jeopardize NATO plans for a fast-reaction fleet of fifty warships and other plans for rejuvenating the Grand Alliance.

Yet on television (C.B.S., December 1) Mr. Rusk indicated that the proposed talks were getting close study: "We do believe it is important to grapple with this problem of offensive and defensive strategic missiles. We are working on that very hard. . . ." There were no plans for a summit meeting, Mr. Rusk went on, but "I would not want to rule out the possibility."

Despite qualifications necessitated by the transition of administrations and other adverse factors, Washington correspondents "understood" on December 6 that the United States had informed the Soviets that it was ready to begin the long-postponed talks. Simply on the basis of what he had told the television audience on December 1, Mr. Rusk might reasonably have been expected to refrain from twisting the Russian bear's tail at this particular juncture. But that was precisely what he then proceeded to do.

On December 6 Reuters quoted an announcement of the U.S. Sixth Fleet from Naples that two destroyers would enter the Black Sea in the next few days for "routine operations" in international waters. The Black Sea is bordered by Turkey, Romania and Bulgaria, in addition to the Soviet Union, but though its waters are technically international it is difficult to see what urgent mission American men of war would have in this area at this time. Moreover, the 1936 Montreux convention places definite limitations on warships of non-Black Sea powers entering these waters. The destroyers designated, the *Dyess* and *Turner*, easily came within the displacement limit, but guns of a caliber exceeding 8 inches, or 203 mm, are excluded. In a previous incident, in September, 1966, the Soviet Union had asked Turkey, which controls the straits between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, to bar the destroyer *William C. Pratt*, on the ground that she was equipped with ASROC rockets. Turkey acceded to the Soviet request, and the visit of the *Pratt* was canceled.

The *Dyess* is equipped with a 9-missile ASROC launcher, which is a computer controlled anti-submarine weapon 305 mm in diameter, and therefore exceeding the gun caliber specified in the convention. The Soviets objected to her entrance, complaining also that she was equipped to carry nuclear weapons. A Sixth Fleet spokesman refused either to confirm or deny that nuclear weapons were aboard the destroyers. The *Dyess* and *Turner* passed through the Dardanelles on December 8 and were due to cruise in the Black Sea for five days.

The incursion was denounced by the Soviets as a "provocation." Provocation or no, what could it accomplish except to interfere with the pending negotiations, which Mr. Rusk had said he favored (and presumably the President and the President-elect likewise)? The purpose seems to have been to preface negotiations on missiles with a demonstration that we are as tough as ever. Another probable objective was to counter Soviet naval strength in the Mediterranean, now and in the foreseeable future grossly inferior to ours, with threatening moves in the vicinity of the Russian homeland. This comes about as close to a recipe for failure (assuming the negotiations take place) as can well be imagined.

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Sensitive Subject

A footnote (no. 9) to Commissioner Nicholas Johnson's intensely interesting dissenting opinion (September 11) in the matter of the FCC's rebuke to N.B.C. over the Chet Huntley incident adds a dimension of special interest to Chris Welles's article in this issue (p. 688):

If it is difficult to detect the presence of news serving economic interests, it is virtually impossible to detect the omission of legitimate news items to serve economic interests. . . . A revealing example of the difficulty involves a recent story prepared for *Life* magazine. *Life*'s business editor, Chris Welles, did an investigative piece on the oil industry's fear of competition and attempts to suppress the use of shale oil. *Life*'s editor was quoted as saying about the article, in the course of making some minor editorial suggestions prior to publication, "In general, I think there's a good story here and some good reporting. . . ." The story was set in type, and scheduled for the March 1, 1968, issue. It never appeared.

The author, Mr. Welles, is reported as saying, "I'm almost positive" it was killed because of oil company-advertiser pressure; and that "it was an open secret around *Life*'s editorial offices that salesmen feared vigorous reaction from oil company advertisers." *Life*'s managing editor, George P. Hunt, is reported as saying, "Oil shale obviously is a sensitive subject that could have an effect on advertising revenue. . . . But that had nothing to do with our pulling out the story."

After the story was pulled, Mr. Welles was given a $2,000 raise and made entertainment editor. When he subsequently sold the oil shale story to *Harper's* he was fired. . . . Now, *Life* maintains, the story was killed because, as Mr. Hunt says, "It didn't turn out to be the definitive piece on oil shale that we wanted to do . . . (it) required a kind of sophistication that just does not come through."

(See *The Wall Street Journal*, July 30, p. 13, col. 2.)

The Big Economy Size

With the annual buying spree in memory of our Lord Jesus Christ in full swing, it becomes increasingly difficult to choose any particular offering for the grand prize. But deserving at least of honorable mention is the full page (less one column) *New York Times* advertisement: "MAKE A REALLY GRAND GESTURE . . . GIVE HER BONWIT'S THOUSAND-DOLLAR BOTTLE OF NORELL PERFUME."

Bonwit Teller is known to all as a center of metropolitan fashion, and Norell is sufficiently described in the text of the ad: "Every woman on earth longs to wear a Norman Norell original." Naturally, such being Norell's repute as a gown designer, every woman will also long to douse herself with the perfume bearing the magic name—which the famed designer no doubt blended with his own hands. Furthermore, the man who is in a position to ravish his wife (or mistress) with $1,000 worth of elixir, can secure this "most magnificent masterpiece of all" in a hand-cut bottle, "fashioned with the flawless Norell cut and etched across the back with the designer's personal signature."

For pikers, the "masterpiece" perfume is also available in the 2 oz. size ($80), 1 oz. ($50), down to 1/5 oz. ($13.50). Bonwit Teller has evidently heeded the frequently voiced criticism that the economy size in toothpaste, etc., isn't really economical. A quarter ounce of Norell at $15 figures out to $60 an ounce, which diminishes in steps to $31.25 an ounce for the 32-ounce (1 quart) size.

It's a steal—and gift wrapped too, without charge.

ATLANTA IN SUSPENSE

CRISIS OF THE CONSTITUTION

ARLIE SCHARDT
Mr. Schardt has been based in Atlanta for the past four years as Southeastern correspondent for Time.

Atlanta

Herman Talmadge, Richard Russell, George Wallace and Lester Maddox have all scored recent major political victories in Georgia. That foursome is enough to demonstrate that the Peach State is not exactly sprinting toward the 21st century, but more significant is the fact that while Wallace was sweeping Georgia last month, citizens of greater Atlanta defeated the Congressional hopes of progressive Democrats Charles Weltner and James Mackay in favor of GOP Congressmen Fletcher Thompson and Ben Blackburn, who were among the nation's highest scorers in the annual ratings of the arch-conservative Americans for Constitutional Action. Until that election it had been a standard comfort that, even though Georgia still clung to the regressive attitudes of pre-civil rights Dixie, hustling Atlanta was an oasis whose shining example would eventually prove irresistible to even the most die-hard reactionary.

Atlanta—"the city too busy to hate"—opened up racially before the rest of the South, and the move paid off in prosperity. It was good business to be the good guy. National corporations, convinced that Atlanta would avoid the ugly confrontations that have scarred so many Southern cities, flocked in. Restaurants thrived, hotels and office buildings sprang up, artists quit going North, big-time entertainers paid visits and major league sports came to stay.

But Atlanta—fat, proud, bustling and affluent though

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it is, and blessed in Ivan Allen, Jr., with one of the nation's outstanding mayors—nevertheless faces the same mean and complex problems that confront the rest of America's great cities. They will not be solved by the inward-turning tendency that apparently stems from affluence. It is no time for voters to think they can take their winnings and quit the game.

The community needs a conscience. In the past, it was provided, as it should be in every city, by the newspapers. But today that nettle is gone. The *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Atlanta Journal,* wedded since 1950 into a corporation called Atlanta Newspapers, Inc. (ANI), are also content to take their winnings, getting fatter as the city sails ahead on its recent momentum. The rapid physical growth of Atlanta means more ads and more income to report to ANI's parent, Cox Enterprises of Dayton, Ohio. The fact that news coverage has been shrinking as profits have soared is of no apparent concern to owner James Cox, Jr., son of the three-time Ohio governor or to Jack Tarver, president of ANI.

Indeed, the journalistic attrition was proceeding peacefully until two months ago when Eugene Patterson, 1967 Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of the *Constitution,* quit in discouragement over the management's refusal to spend more of the newspapers' considerable income on the job newspapers are supposed to do. The last straw came for Patterson when the resignation of a young columnist triggered a dispute between Patterson and Tarver over editorial autonomy.

First-rate journalists had been fleeing the papers for years, but Patterson's fame was such that his departure provoked national comment. Many thought that such an embarrassing indication of the papers' deficiencies would shame management into needed reform. But not at all: the budget continues to rule the press at profitable ANI.

Despite its stingy news coverage, the *Constitution* held on for a time to its reputation as one of the country's best papers, thanks to the strength of its editorial writers, who consistently and articulately called for moderation during the South's agonizing years of open racial strife. But with the departure of Patterson, management has apparently decided that controversial editorial pages do not pay. The new editorial purpose seems to be to make friends with all sides on every issue, as a good businessman should. One of the paper's top staffers mentions with frustration the "constant problems of lawyers interfering with the news. The resulting caution has severely hampered our ability to do the kind of public-service muckraking a good newspaper is supposed to do."

A telling example of the new editorial prudence comes out of the recent elections. The name of an important county official, Brince Manning, became linked with a scurrilous attempt to discredit his opponent through distribution of a bogus edition of the local underground newspaper. Manning had earlier filed a blanket suit against the news media, charging conspiracy to defeat him. A *Constitution* editorial was written, mentioning Manning's name, and calling for investigation by the post office and the grand jury. It never ran. "This means from now on we can be intimidated by any politician waving a nuisance suit at us," says one staff member.

The sudden editorial softness has not been lost on the Atlanta readers. "What can we do? Isn't there something we can do?" asks a young lawyer. "It's the story of a great paper losing its guts," says a graduate student. "I see Jack Tarver has taken over the editorial page," says an executive.

No area needs strong newspapers more than the South, the most rapidly changing section of the nation, and Atlanta, undeniably the capital of the South, is the logical home for a great sectional newspaper. ANI not only ducks this responsibility; it actually supplies less regional coverage than papers in Charlotte, Memphis, Charleston, and even Birmingham. Unlike these others, the Atlanta papers have no regional bureaus, although the *Journal* motto says that it "covers Dixie like the dew" and the *Constitution* calls itself "the South's standard newspaper."

Each paper has only one man in Washington, where the assignment consists primarily of chronicling the mundane doings of Georgia's Congressional delegation. Not only do Atlanta-based reporters rarely cover stories out of state, they seldom even venture far into Georgia. Unless, that is, they are on the sports staff. While neither paper bothered to send a man on the short trip to cover the march on Selma, the biggest story of 1965, a sports writer that fall was dispatched all the way to Evanston, Ill., for a first-hand report on the Florida-Northwestern football game.

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Every football weekend the two papers proudly scatter crews of a dozen writers and half as many photographers —billed in front-page boxes as the "Big Team"—to games all over the Southeast, and sometimes farther.

This unique sense of values lends weight to a suspicion held by a number of the reporters that there has been a deliberate but unstated policy to play down race news, especially during the middle 1960s. "Sports cause no flak," says one ANI veteran. "You go out and cover 'niggers' and you're in trouble. If you cover Selma you upset both the rednecks and the Piedmont Driving Club." (The latter is an Atlanta synonym for The Establishment.)

One of the most shocking failures of the papers occurred, also in 1965, when Atlantans gave a huge banquet to honor Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., for winning the Nobel Peace Prize. Not only did the papers fail to report any of the pulling and hauling that went on between those favoring and those opposing the banquet but the *Journal*'s managing editor William Fields (since promoted to executive editor of both papers) declined even to assign anyone to cover the occasion itself. Finally a young reporter got permission to do the story on his own time. The evening, one of the milestones in Atlanta history, was covered by all the national media, but both the *Constitution* and the *Journal* dismissed it with brief stories buried deep inside.

The zany 1966 gubernatorial race also produced some strange news decisions. When agents of Democratic candidate James Gray were charged with trying to pay Lester Maddox to drop out of the governor's race, the *Constitution* had the story but did not use it for fear of libel. The *Journal* likewise balked when the story came in on its *Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* wire, although other papers across the country gave it strong play.

When dissatisfaction with the winners of both party primaries spurred a write-in movement for former Gov. Ellis Arnall, backers of Write-In Georgia (WIG) were thrashed by the *Journal*'s political editor Charles Pou, who referred to them in his news stories as the "backbite vote." The *Journal* endorsed right-wing Republican Howard Callaway and buried WIG news, virtually ignoring a state-wide WIG convention which drew 1,000 party workers to Macon. When Arnall's supporters held a fund-raising rally one night in Atlanta, some 850 persons paid up to $100 each to see such stars as Theodore Bikel, Rev. Malcolm Boyd and Peter, Paul & Mary. Both the turnout and the attraction were unusual for Atlanta, but the *Journal* covered the event with a 4-inch story on page 100.

The Atlanta papers have also left to other journals the most significant single continuing Southern story of recent years—the phenomenon of next-door neighbor George Wallace. ANI had staff covering only a few days of the 1966 Lurleen-George campaign. There was no further direct coverage of Wallace until a *Constitution* man was sent to follow the closing weeks of this year's Presidential bid.

Both papers do an earnest job of reporting local developments and both fill reams of space with Georgia political news, but reporters are frequently dismayed by the need to cope with ANI's penny-pinching expense policies. Taxis and long-distance phones are to be used sparingly. Company cars, equipped with the barest essentials and often well worn, are standard transportation for trips around Georgia, although at least one *Journal* reporter successfully refused to ride in them on the ground that they are unsafe. Two former ANI reporters tell of going to an Atlanta motel for a press conference with former Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa, then slipping off to use bus tokens provided by ANI while the other newsmen hailed cabs or drove cars. "Hell, we were embarrassed and didn't want the other guys to see us," says one of the reporters.

Worst of all, salaries are so low that ANI has often seemed a training school for reporters moving on to other jobs. Most leave reluctantly. They love the life in Atlanta and they also feel a special sense of tradition, left over from the papers' pasts, that keeps many of them around long after good sense has told them to leave. But leave they eventually do.

Alumni of recent years include the *Los Angeles Times*'s Jack Nelson, a 1960 Pulitzer Prize-winner who was earning less than $200 a week after twelve years at the *Constitution*; Ted Lippman, who quit the ANI Washington bureau to join the *Baltimore Sun*; Walter Rugaber and Fred Powledge, both of whom went to *The New York Times*; *Constitution* education editor Hal Gulliver and reporter Ted Simmons, both of whom stayed in Atlanta by joining the Associated Press; Douglas Kiker of N.B.C.-TV; *Constitution* editorial columnist Marvin Wall and *Journal* city editor Pat Watters, who joined the staff of the Southern Regional Council; Paul Valentine, who went to *The Washington Post* after earning $125 per week in his third year on the *Journal*; Walker Lundy of the *Detroit Free Press*; capitol reporter Joe Brown, who took a job with the state; Bill Shipp, the *Constitution's* top reporter when he left his $170-a-week job two years ago for *Newsday*, then returned to Atlanta to take a federal job; and Reuben Smith, who joined the Knoxville papers but quickly returned to Atlanta as a correspondent for *Business Week*.

When these and other excellent newsmen have left ANI in recent years, management has almost never tried to change their minds. The talent drain has not bothered Tarver. He replaces the losses with inexperienced young personnel who usually start at less than $100 a week. ANI management has always known how to handle labor problems. In 1947, when the Newspaper Guild made a determined effort to organize the *Constitution*, management began encouraging formation of a company union instead. The Guild lost by a single vote. The reporter who headed the drive for the union never joined it himself.

Back in those days Tarver himself was on the news staff. He joined the *Constitution* in 1943 and soon became known as a hard-hitting journalist whose polished writing contained considerable wit. "He had the poison-est pen of all," chuckles one ANI veteran. "He could do more damage with one sentence than most people can with a whole page." But Tarver switched to the business side and rose rapidly to succeed George Biggers as ANI president in 1958. "I was put here to make money," Biggers said of his job (he had often tried to fire the controversial Ralph

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McGill). Tarver was apparently determined to show owner James Cox, Jr., that he could enrich Cox Enterprises even faster. "What's really sad," says one long-time staff member, "is that Tarver in his day was a really good newsman."

The *Constitution*'s company union, Atlanta News Associates, maintained a suitably docile stance until 1961, when it balked at a management offer of a $5-a-week raise. The company called for outside arbitrators, who promptly recommended a $9 raise, plus $2 more at the end of one year (contract negotiations are held biennially. The next one takes place this March).

The extra several thousand dollars must have been too much for ANI to bear, because Tarver warned the greedy writers that if they forced an unreasonable rate on ANI, there would have to be a "numerical reduction." Sure enough, he did fire three staffers. The union president that year was Bruce Galphin, a bright young writer who applied later in the year for a Nieman Fellowship. Galphin won the Nieman although managing editor William Fields refused to approve his application. In fact, added Fields, he would fire Galphin if he could, but refrained because he knew the NLRB would only reinstate him.

A strong effort to organize a similar company union at the *Journal* brought some fascinating developments in 1967, when management scored a clear victory despite some remarkably clumsy tactics. Management's first shot took the form of "advice" from one top editor to the writers on the editorial page that they avoid the union or seek other jobs. Tarver easily topped this with a letter to each *Journal* employee likely to vote on the union question. Tarver told them he opposed the union, then made the startling statement that "the average *Journal* pay check has run considerably higher than the *Constitution* for the past sixteen years." The letter added that a round of wage increases which had just been approved for the *Journal* "would have widened even further the gap between the two papers, but following receipt of NLRB notification of the union's organization attempt, they were held up on advice of legal counsel." The letter naturally made interesting reading on the bulletin board of the *Constitution*.

As pre-vote activities continued, a rumor spread through the sports departments that if a *Journal* union was created, the sports staffs of the two papers would be merged and numerous jobs eliminated. *Journal* reporter Robert Coram, who had initiated the union drive, received a disciplinary slip charging him with "missing the lead" on a story. Coram explained the lead had been cut by the desk, and management later admitted at an NLRB hearing that disciplinary slips are not commonly used.

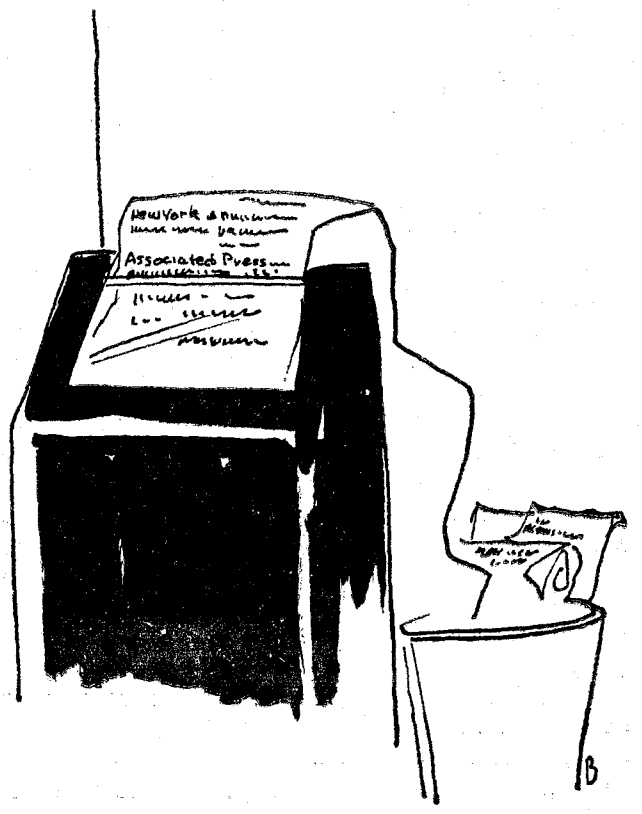
When an NLRB hearing was held to determine whether editorial writers are part of management—and therefore ineligible to vote in the union election—editorial writer Neal Brogdon spoiled management's case by testifying that editorial writers have no connection with the business interests of the paper. Two days later Brogdon, who had also signed the election petition despite the warning to editorial writers, was fired. A Phi Beta Kappa, Brogdon was charged with being weak on grammar (although he had at times been assigned to correct grammar) and with showing too little interest in local affairs, although his primary responsibility was in foreign affairs. Brogdon was earning $131 a week after nearly five years at the paper.

Despite all this provocation, *Journal* staffers obediently rejected the union by a margin of 49 to 21. This meekness embittered some *Constitution* reporters. Describing *Journal* reporters as "lampreys," one *Constitution* reporter said: "Every time the *Constitution* gets raises, the *Journal* gets raises too. They get nice and fat and healthy off of us while we're getting our heads bloodied."

As soon as the *Journal* staff rejected the company union, Coram announced that he had no intention of pursuing any future union efforts. But six months later, Coram was fired on charges of unethical conduct. Managing editor Fields said Coram had "embarrassed" ANI by misrepresenting himself in order to get information from sources at the state Revenue Department. Coram later lost an appeal to the NLRB.

ANI has been indifferent to reporters' careers in other ways as well. When he won the 1947 Pulitzer Prize for uncovering vote fraud in the gubernatorial election of Herman Talmadge, George Goodwin had been nominated not by the papers but by a journalism professor at Emory University. When Jack Nelson won the 1960 Pulitzer Prize for an exposé of the state mental hospital, the largest mental institution in the world, management got the Georgia Press Association to nominate the paper, rather than Nelson. But Nelson himself was nominated by the Medical Association of Georgia, and the Pulitzer went to him.

Despite its unwillingness to become a regional leader, to cover the news adequately, to pay decent wages, or to respect its staff, ANI continues to thrive in its monopoly market. But if money is ANI's only interest it



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could do even better by improving its products. For the fact is that while Atlanta's population has recently been increasing at the rate of more than 150,000 every five years, daily circulation of both papers has actually decreased. *Constitution* circulation was 202,635 in 1963; last year it was 200,603. *Journal* circulation was 259,003 in 1963; last year it was 251,203. Only the combined Sunday edition has gained, from 504,755 to 523,581.

The failure of ANI circulation to grow with its market illustrates a remark by Ed Guthman, national news editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, about the general state of newspapers throughout the country: "If only management could realize it's good business to have a good paper." His own paper has spent increasingly large sums on news, with a commensurate financial gain.

The loss of Patterson was costly for ANI. While he was on it, the *Constitution* published a provocative, diligently researched editorial section. Besides the front-page column of the legendary Ralph McGill and outstanding cartoons by Cliff ("Baldy") Baldowski, there were signed columns by Patterson, Jim Rankin, Bruce Galphin and B. J. Phillips, a bright young girl whom Patterson had discovered while she was still at the University of Georgia.

Miss Phillips filled a lively corner of the page with short, sharply written columns about the youth rebellion, the generation gap, hippies, police and the war in Vietnam. But last September she stepped on some very special toes when she wrote a column about a request by the Georgia Power Company for a rate increase to offset the 10 per cent federal income tax surcharge. "I don't quite understand," she wrote, "why I've got to pay for their increased income taxes. If they can't afford it, what makes them think I can? After all, the government is getting that 10 per cent from me. And you. Why not Georgia Power?"

It is assumed around Atlanta that the effective rulers of the city do not have to talk to one another in an emergency. When the need arises, each knows what he must do. Hours after her column appeared in the first edition, B. J. learned that Tarver felt her column should be limited to "topics she's qualified to write about." She resigned. Patterson, already disturbed over previous examples of encroachment on a page that had traditionally been absolutely autonomous (a situation for which Tarver deserved much of the credit) held a heated conference with Tarver. When he could get no firm assurance that there would be no similar intereference in the future, Patterson quit (B. J. Phillips was soon hired as a reporter by *The Washington Post*. When *Post* managing editor Ben Bradlee was promoted two days later, Patterson was hired to replace him).

Patterson had been at odds with Tarver for years. One insider chose to call it "healthy disagreement" over news coverage, the authority of the editor and, increasingly, editorial autonomy. But another charged that "Tarver sought to treat him like an office boy, not an editor. Tarver deals with people through fear and not through love. He runs the paper by keeping people off-balance. He wanted a compliant editor. No more arguing."

The loss of Patterson, whom many persons thought would some day succeed Ralph McGill, caused considerable distress to McGill himself. But although he carries the title of publisher, McGill's authority is essentially limited to his column, and there was little he could do except urge Patterson to reconsider.

With Patterson's departure, management decided to change the concept of the post he had held. The title was changed from editor to editor of the editorial page. One official explained that ANI wanted someone who would be "deeply involved in community life," and would "sit in on the events" of a fast-growing city. But a leading staff writer countered that management had simply "downgraded the job" by reducing the range of editorial authority.

The man Tarver hired is Reg Murphy, 34, former *Constitution* political editor, who himself quit the paper three years ago, expressing bitterness over its low salaries and limited news budget. He then worked in public relations, as managing editor of *Atlanta Magazine*, and as a free-lance writer before returning to ANI. It may well be that Murphy is simply fulfilling management's new concept of the job; in any case, he is not asserting the editor's prerogative to be a critic. "Reg doesn't think much differently from the establishment. He's at ease with their ideas," says one of his friends on the paper. "That's not a mark against him. It just happens to be him."

Through its editorial page, the *Constitution* seems not to be seeking the role of pacifier, closing the "credibility gap" created in the days when the paper spoke out forcefully for moderation amid a sea of white segregationist sentiment. Today, it levels attacks only on such generalized targets as bad government, or such safe ones as Lester Maddox. Oddly, it is partly because of the paper's past outspokenness that Atlanta became the progressive and prosperous city it is today.

Murphy, who has a solid knowledge of politics and a wide acquaintance in Georgia, has always been a serious

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and hard-working journalist. But in his new role as chief editorial spokesman, his columns have been careful and qualified, his conclusions hedged. When one recent column seemed headed unavoidably toward a conclusion deploring the regressive influence of Herman Talmadge on the state and the region, saying Talmadge's critics are right when they charge he has not responded to racial issues or urban needs, the final two sentences reversed the entire thrust: "But isn't that criticism true of Georgia as a whole?" Murphy concluded. "And doesn't the Senator represent moderately well the people he is elected to represent?"

"It was almost as if to say that makes it O.K.," one reporter complained. "If McGill or Patterson had written that column there would have been one more paragraph, saying that even though Talmadge reflects the majority feeling, it's still wrong."

His peers have not given up hope that Murphy may start adding that "one more paragraph." They recall that Patterson himself was not always the most outspoken of writers. Indeed, Patterson recently stated that he had been "late" coming around in support of such historic movements as the bus boycotts, sit-ins and freedom rides. The *Constitution*, for that matter, supported segregation into the late 1950s, although it called for moderation in the face of wild emotionalism.

The immediate future will be critical for the long-range direction of the Atlanta papers. Their younger ranks are currently left with only two biting editorial writers—Reese Cleghorn at the *Journal* and Galphin at the *Constitution*—and both appear ready to leave if drastic changes are not made. Luckily for ANI, the best members of the news room staffs are taking a wait-and-see attitude. No *Constitution* reporters have left in the wake of Patterson, to whom many of them looked for inspiration. They stay partly because of that *Constitution* aura from the past, but also because of rumors that "things might get better" on the news side. Some believe that Cox and Tarver genuinely feared a major walkout when Patterson quit, and they see small but hopeful signs. Tarver, for example, has long had a reputation for being insulting to his reporters, consistently failing to acknowledge good work to the point they felt was deliberate. Many were angered through the years by his habit of walking up to a reporter in the news room, asking a question, then walking away while the reporter was in mid-sentence.

Lately, however, "Tarver often comes into the city room and asks how things are going," says one staffer wonderingly, adding: "There's been talk of beefing up the news-room budget. News-room morale is pretty good." Still, he retains the wait-and-see stance, because "You don't know whether it's a courtship or a wedding."

One of the papers' best reporters summarizes the outlook this way: "You just can't work for a paper you're not proud of. If we're going to stay, things are going to have to get better for all of us. When one goes, the rest are going to have to go, and all the paper will be able to get will be real sluggards. What happens in the next few months is going to be pretty decisive."

MORE DISCLOSURES

PENTAGON LOOT

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Defense industries have moved so far away from being viewed as "merchants of death," as many in the 1920s and 1930s saw them, and have become such a welcome and apparently necessary part of our life that the idea of regulating them—except in the most perfunctory *pro forma* fashion, as the FCC "regulates" radio and television—is no longer considered seriously. In fact, it is not considered at all.

Government procurement of all items, civilian and military, comes to $50 billion a year; of that, defense alone accounts for $43 billion (procurement does not include, of course, such items as payment to personnel, the cost of running the Pentagon, general administrative expenses, etc.). If the federal government were at all serious about controlling profiteering, obviously defense purchasing would be the place to begin.

To control profiteering, a uniform accounting standard would have to be set up. That is, *all* government auditors would have to use the same system for measuring costs and profits. But as Admiral H. G. Rickover and some others have been stating publicly for at least five years, there are a dozen methods used by the government to measure the costs and profits of the same contracts, with the result that in some cases estimates of these costs and profits differ as much as 50 per cent.

This problem, then, can be used as a test of the government's sincerity in saying that it wants to block excessive profits.

Last spring the House Banking Committee inserted an amendment into the Defense Production Act *requiring* the Government Accounting Office to establish uniform accounting standards for all noncompetitive contracts of more than $100,000, and to do so—not to think about it, but to do it—within one year. The amendment passed the House. But in the Senate Banking Committee it ran aground, and by the time the compromises had ended between the two houses, the GAO had only been ordered to do a feasibility study, within eighteen months, to see *if* uniform accounting standards could *possibly* be set up.

So far the GAO has hardly moved in its study, but that

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is really of little consequence since no matter what it reports in a year and a half, the fight for accurate accounting from the defense industry will be exactly where it is today.

It is necessary to give that brief background by way of saying that the following rundown on the recent hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Economy in Government of the Joint Economic Committee is like reporting a dress parade: you will see some flashing of swords, and you will hear some loud exclamations, and you may even become a bit disturbed or excited by one revelation or another. But bear in mind that nothing that happened in Sen. William Proxmire's subcommittee has any likeness to actual conflict between evenly matched forces. These were the highlights:

Betweeen 1965 and 1967, Lockheed Aircraft's net income dropped 21 per cent (while income for other top Pentagon contractors went up: General Dynamics rose 22 per cent, General Electric 21 per cent, United Aircraft 56 per cent and Boeing 65 per cent), so to help Lockheed along, the company was allowed to pad its costs for building the monster freight airship, the C-5. The job of padding has been so accomplished that it now appears costs will run at least 100 per cent ahead of estimates—an extra $2 billion. The argument for building the C-5 was that more cargo space is necessary, but this argument sagged at the Proxmire hearings when it was disclosed that a check of airplanes leaving Travis Air Force Base—the main hopping-off point for Vietnam—had unused space that could have accommodated about 60 million additional pounds of cargo. Annually, this wasted space would be valued at about $45 million.

The government is being played for the wildest kind of sucker by the defense realtors. Defense industrialists who own their property can only charge the government for depreciation, but if they rent they can charge the government 100 per cent of the cost. Many of the arms merchants are building plants, selling them to friends, then leasing them back at princely rates—which is charged to the government and goes into the pockets of their pals (with kickbacks a possibility). It is believed that the government loses about $1 billion a year in this way, as the difference in what it would pay for depreciation and what it pays for rent.

Many of the defense industrialists risk nothing; they use government money for their payrolls and they use federal plants and equipment for their work (sometimes at no cost, sometimes for 1 or 2 per cent of sales). Last year it was discovered that inventories of federal property were so haphazard that the government does not know who is using much of its equipment. It was also discovered that some of the government machinery was being used by private industries to do civilian commercial work. When these things were found out, the Pentagon said it was going to cut down on the amount of government equipment used by private industry. But in questioning Pentagon witnesses, Proxmire learned that since last year the amount of government equipment in private hands has actually increased by $100 million.

In 1963 the Pentagon quit releasing information about how the prime contracts were being subcontracted. Asked why, John M. Malloy, deputy assistant secretary of defense for procurement—in typical unconscious humor—explained that he had simply wanted to "eliminate a lot of excess reporting."

There is a great deal of other reporting that the Pentagon considers excess. For instance, during fiscal 1968 firm-fixed-price contracts made up 53 per cent (about $25 billion worth) of defense procurement—but on this type of contract the Pentagon does not obtain any profit information whatsoever.

ABU Tribune London

Furthermore, the Truth in Negotiations Act—which the Pentagon claims is such a splendid tool—does not permit defense officials to inspect company books on roughly 70 per cent of the work done.

Perhaps the phoniest front put up by the Pentagon is that pious organization, the Logistics Management Institute. It was the brain child of former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara—who, history will doubtless record, was as clean-faced a con man as ever hit Washington. LMI is supposed to be the Pentagon's profiteering policeman. It keeps the industrialists in line. That, at least, is the theory.

So far it has found that the defense industrialists are not profiteering at all; in fact, they are barely getting by. It would be indeed startling if LMI came to any other conclusion, seeing as how it is supported almost entirely by the defense establishment and that its officers and staff are alumni of such outfits as the Institute for Defense Analysis, Atlas Chemical, Boeing, Honeywell Inc., the U.S. Air Force, General Precision Inc., and Center for Naval Analyses.

A really objective crowd.

At one point Proxmire asked Malloy: "What I am trying to get is whether or not this is a group that has made recommendations that would reduce procurement costs. Can you cite any example of their making a recommendation of the kind that could be construed as adverse to the interests of contractors, in the sense of reducing their profits?"

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MALLOY: "Well, I am unable to answer just quickly a question of that kind."

It is not uncommon to find defense contractors earning more than 40 per cent on investments, before taxes. Prof. Murray L. Weidenbaum of Washington University, St. Louis—probably the most relentless student of military spending—found that on the average, large defense companies make 17.5 per cent return on their net worth compared to 10.6 per cent for similar size nondefense companies. Another measuring stick was supplied by Admiral Rickover, who said that profits on defense contracts are, on the average, 25 per cent higher today than five years ago.

For the big items that account for most of the defense budget—aircraft engines, combat vehicles, airframes, missile and space systems—the concentration of the market is overwhelming. Eight companies knock down more than half of the market.

Only in such items as ammunition, services, textiles and clothing, and subsistence do the smaller companies really have a whack at the money—and these are the markets that will slump first with the halt in hostilities. The big markets are standard—war or no war.

Although it has been proved that advertising for competitive bids cuts prices by at least 12 per cent, the Pentagon buys competitively only 11.5 per cent of the time—the lowest amount in five years.

On the other hand, the Pentagon not only fails to encourage competition but actually refuses to consider more than one seller in 58 per cent of its purchases—the highest level in five years.

As for the purchases which the Pentagon makes on a supposedly competitive basis, Weidenbaum remarked, "It is a little difficult for me to keep a straight face when reporting that only since May, 1967, does there have to be more than one bidder before an award is classified as competitive."

The Pentagon loot has been going to the same big companies for years. It takes so much money to gear up for the big contracts that only a few corporations can do it; and once established at the long-term contract level, it would take an inconceivable amount of bungling to be pushed out. So it is not surprising to find that eighteen of the companies which ranked among the top twenty-five defense earners last year were already in the top twenty-five a decade ago.

So much for the last round of fighting the Pentagon. Much of the evidence had been laid out in previous hearings in other years, without the slightest retarding effect on defense profiteering, and there is no reason to think that the results this time will be any different. There is not likely to be embarrassment even among officials of the Defense Department or the industry they so capably lobby for. Except for the disclosure that the C-5 transport may cost twice as much as it was supposed to cost, the press gave the hearings little coverage.

And yet, strangely enough, Defense officials showed in one episode that they are frightened by even the feeblest investigation. When Senator Proxmire wrote to A. E. Fitzgerald, Air Force Deputy for management systems, asking that he make an appearance and bring along a prepared statement, *some*body at the Pentagon intercepted the letter and ordered Fitzgerald not to make a prepared statement. In fact, he would have been kept from appearing except that Proximire got wind of what was happening and began to make threatening sounds. To prevent a fuss, Fitzgerald was permitted to show up. He was the one who told about the extra costs of the C-5, but his testimony was weakened by the fact that he had not been permitted to bring substantiating documents.

CHINA IN OUT OF THE COLD?

JOHN GITTINGS
Mr. Gittings is an assistant editor of Far Eastern Economic Review *in Hong Kong.*

Hong Kong

When China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi was confronted by a crowd of Red Guards, demanding that he make a self-criticism, and chanting quotations from Chairman Mao, he held up his own little red book and called for silence. "Thank you for reminding me of the Thoughts of our great leader," said the Minister, "but I too have a quotation from the Chairman for you, and it reads as follows: 'Chen Yi is a good comrade.' "

Or so the story goes. Certainly Mao's words have been freely used during the cultural revolution, in or out of context, to bolster a variety of partisan arguments. The latest instance of this should give Chen Yi himself, and those within and outside China who hope for a return by Peking to a more rational foreign policy, considerable grounds for satisfaction. In a nineteen-year-old speech by Mao Tse-tung, recently republished in the Chinese press with a fanfare of publicity, the following words may be found:

> We should not refuse to enter into negotiations because we are afraid of trouble and want to avoid complications, nor should we enter into negotiations with our minds in a haze. We should be firm in principle; we should also have all the flexibility permissible and necessary for carrying out our principles.

Reissuing of this speech at the end of November has important domestic implications, since it contains Mao's endorsement of many aspects of internal economic policy for which Liu Shao-chi has been hauled over the coals in the cultural revolution. Some cynics even suggest that the speech might well have been ghost-written for Mao by Liu himself back in 1949. And it dovetails very neatly with the general drift toward greater moderation in China which has been evident since the summer of 1968. As far

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as foreign policy is concerned, signs of a more flexible attitude have also become apparent, although most of them still need to be located with a Pekinological magnifying glass.

The most remarkable example of this tentative thaw has been China's invitation to the United States "to conclude an agreement on the five principles of peaceful coexistence" conveyed in an official foreign ministry statement of November 26 on the Sino-U.S. ambassadorial talks in Warsaw. These talks had been unproductive since the cultural revolution began, with several postponements by the Chinese side, who failed to turn up for the latest session scheduled for November. But the foreign ministry statement, while attempting to shift blame for the cancellation of this meeting onto American shoulders, also expressed a willingness to meet on February 20 of next year, thus continuing this Sino-U.S. dialogue, which has been maintained intermittently since it began in November, 1955.

The Chinese offer of a treaty of peaceful coexistence, contained in this statement, has been seized upon by Moscow as further proof of Peking's tacit "collusion" with Washington (the mirror image of the Chinese claim that the United States and the Soviet Union are "collaborating to divide up the world"). The Russians have cried wolf for too long to be taken seriously, but this time they might conceivably have a point.

Admittedly the Chinese proposal is linked to a demand that the United States should undertake to "immediately withdraw all its armed forces from China's territory Taiwan Province and the Taiwan Straits area and dismantle all its military installations in Taiwan Province," which is unlikely to cut much ice in Washington. But it does mean that the Chinese, after the interregnum of the cultural revolution, have once again adopted a coherent negotiating position for the ambassadorial talks. Even if it is far from being acceptable to the other side, it at least provides a basis for further discussion.

During the cultural revolution, we may ironically note, China's head of state Liu Shao-chi was criticized for advocating almost exactly the same principles which the foreign ministry statement now sets forth. Thus in the *People's Daily* of October 16, 1967, Liu was denounced for having uttered this "nonsensical" opinion: "Even in the case of the United States, we also hope to improve relations with it. . . . If the United States withdraws its troops from Taiwan, then the bone of contention will disappear and we may develop friendly relations with it." How dare he suggest, exclaimed the *People's Daily*, that Taiwan was the only stumbling block to better relations, or that one could ever be "friendly" with the imperialist robbers!

Yet Liu was merely restating what had been official policy in the ambassadorial talks since 1960, and which has now been substantially readopted (with the difference that, so far as one knows, China has never in the past explicitly proposed a formal agreement based on the Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence). In the mid-1950s when the talks first began, it is worth recalling, Peking had adopted a much more flexible position, suggesting a variety of limited areas for negotiation, all of which were scornfully rejected by the American side. Those who speak of Chinese foreign policy as if it has always been "inflexible" or "dogmatic" in its hostility toward the United States would do well to remember that there was a time when the boot was on the other foot.

Is there any hope, therefore, that the Chinese position will lead to any more fruitful negotiations than were possible before the cultural revolution if it is simply a return to the *status quo ante*? There would appear to be an insoluble conflict of principle involved, between China's insistence that the Taiwan problem must be settled, on its own terms, before progress can be made elsewhere, and the American refusal to regard the status of Taiwan as negotiable. But it is still arguable that both sides are now prepared to indulge in a greater freedom of maneuver behind their entrenched principles, as they were before the cultural revolution.

In the first place, the Chinese have previously made it clear (notably in an interview of Edgar Snow's with Premier Chou En-lai in August, 1960, that they require a *commitment in principle* from the United States to withdraw from Taiwan before other issues can be considered, but not a *physical withdrawal of support*. Once the United States has acknowledged that a viable settlement of Taiwan must involve its departure from the area, Peking implies, then the details can be negotiated. Conversely, there have been occasional hints from the American side that it might contemplate some limited gesture in this direction —the removal, for instance, of the Seventh Fleet from the Taiwan Straits has apparently been mooted in the past in administration circles.

Second, both sides must be well aware that a settlement in Vietnam will create a different pattern of power relations in the Asian theatre. Just as the end of the Korean War was linked, in 1954, to the first settlement of the Vietnamese question, so an end to the Vietnamese War today could conceivably involve the beginnings of a package deal on Taiwan. This may sound a fanciful idea, but it is one which is being actively discussed by some observers in Southeast Asia, and especially by those who are watching China.

One obvious stumbling block would be a refusal by China to honor a settlement on Vietnam for a start. Until recently, this was a distinct possibility, since Peking made little effort to conceal its hostility toward the Paris peace talks, which it described as a U.S.-Soviet "peace hoax to sell out the people of Vietnam." Mao and his colleagues frequently bestowed their gratuitous advice upon Hanoi, to the effect that "perseverance means victory," and that the Vietnamese should struggle to a bitter but glorious end.

But the bombing halt over North Vietnam, and the prospect of enlarged talks in which the National Liberation Front—which is after all the very embodiment of the Vietnamese people in Chinese eyes—would take part, seems to have prompted second thoughts in Peking (and perhaps it is fortunate that these developments have coincided with the resurgence of the "moderates" in China's domestic politics).

Since November 1, the Chinese press has rigorously excluded almost all unfavorable references to the "peace plot" from its columns, and for that matter virtually all

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news about Vietnam. But in an unusual break with precedent, they have published, *in toto* and without comment, not only the major statements issued by Hanoi and the NLF but also President Johnson's address in which he announced the bombing halt—an unfamiliar and bizarre sight in the pages of the *People's Daily*. "We have suspended judgment on the peace talks." China seems to be saying: "We are prepared to wait and see whether our prophesies of doom are justified or not," thus opening up the possibility that China will, after all, concur in a settlement if one is reached. The Chinese foreign ministry's statement on the Sino-U.S. ambassadorial talks also implies a softer attitude toward the Paris talks, for if China can negotiate with the imperialists, why should the same right be denied to the Vietnamese?

A third reason for guarded optimism as to the future of the Peking-Washington dialogue lies in the new—and distinctly less attractive—look of Soviet foreign policy, which must be as evident to China as it is to the United States. Since the invasion of Czechoslovakia, senior Chinese leaders have more than once drawn attention to the "threat" posed against them by a Soviet military build-up in the Soviet Far East and Outer Mongolia. Western military sources have confirmed that significant deployments of Soviet troops and equipment have been made, including Soviet missiles which are said to be targeted upon Peking and other vital targets. The Chinese military leadership, in particular, is known to have been concerned for some time at the way in which the cultural revolution had depleted China's border defenses and weakened its defensive capabilities.

It is an axiom of the tripartite relationship among Moscow, Peking and Washington, that no one likes to be left out in the cold. In the early 1950s, American intervention in the Far East was largely based upon the assumed existence (which turned out to be illusory) of a state of monolithic unity" between the two great Communist powers. Later on, the growing *rapprochement* between the United States and the Soviet Union was neatly matched by the growing discord between the latter and China, and it was Peking which stood on its own. Although this state of isolation was welcomed by the Maoists, it is clear that some influential leaders in the Chinese administration were pressing for a degree of realignment toward the Soviet side, especially after the Americans began to escalate the Vietnamese War. (Disagreement in 1965 over whether or not to embark upon "united action" with the Soviet Union in order to present a joint front in Vietnam was one of the background causes of the cultural revolution.)

Today, as more moderate voices are heard again in Peking, it is highly unlikely that they will urge a *rapprochement* with the Soviet Union, although they may well advocate a new attempt to win friends in Eastern Europe, among those nations of the Socialist bloc for whom Czechoslovakia has been a bitter blow. It would be foolish to leap to the opposite conclusion—that Peking may execute an about-turn in the direction of the United States—but for tactical reasons alone it might be tempted toward demonstrating slightly greater flexibility, if for no other reason than to keep the Russians on edge—and at bay.

Perhaps this is why Soviet anti-Chinese propaganda, in private as well as public, has lately acquired a note almost of desperation. "We want the Americans to stay in Asia," says the man from Moscow who takes you aside in London, Paris or Phnom Penh, adding almost as an afterthought "except of course in Vietnam." And the myth of the yellow peril, otherwise known in *Moscow News* as "Mao Tse-tung's great-power ambitions for Asian hegemony," finds its warmest adherents in the Soviet Union, at a time when it has been—one hopes—virtually abandoned in the West. The implications of this paradox are no doubt being given serious consideration in the State Department, just as we may surmise that they are in Peking.

SHALE OIL

THE DORMANT BOMB

CHRIS WELLES
Mr. Welles, business editor of The Saturday Evening Post, *is currently at work on a book about oil shale.*

On the morning of December 20, the Department of the Interior will open bids it has received for the leasing of three tracts of government land containing perhaps $1 billion worth of oil shale. The event will probably receive little attention in the press, but it could have an incalculable effect on the disposition of the country's richest natural resource. In all, there are 16,000 acres of shale land in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, 80 per cent of it federally owned. It is estimated to contain as many as 5 trillion barrels of oil—400 times the annual world consumption and worth $10 *trillion*. Unless government policy is changed soon, December 20 could be the start of handing over control of the federal shale land to the major oil companies. It would mean the loss of an opportunity to introduce strong domestic competition into one of the nation's most concentrated and monopolistic industries.

Historically, the Interior Department has tended to regard the shale deposits as a kind of dormant bomb which, if left undisturbed, might not go off and hurt somebody. Not only is the Department always sensitive to the charges of "giveaway" and "Teapot Dome" which invariably arise when anybody gets hold of a valuable piece of government property but it is also extremely reluctant to offend powerful oil interests which have never been in favor of shale development.

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The overt reason for the industry's lack of interest is that, though many experts have estimated that oil could be produced from shale at a cost below that of domestic crude, no commercially viable process has actually been developed and tested. Even a small commercial plant, it is pointed out, would require millions of dollars in capital expenditures. Thus, through a nice bit of a priori reasoning, most oil companies have conducted only the most meager shale research programs.

However, the need to spend money does not usually stop the oil industry's pursuit of profit, and one may wonder why shale is so neglected at the very time when dollars are being showered with abandon upon the frigid, remote northern coast of Alaska.

The answer is that shale is potentially a very serious threat to the industry as now organized. Oil men in their nightmares see the following scenario: somebody—an oil company or a government research team—develops a production process that yields shale oil at costs for below those for conventional crude; the commercial attractiveness of the process is such that the government is compelled to sell or lease some of its shale land to private businesses, not necessarily friendly to the future welfare of the oil companies; large amounts of shale oil begin coming onto the market, undercutting the price of conventional crude which is carefully supported by state and federal legislation; the price of conventional crude is forced down, cutting gasoline and fuel oil prices; lowering U. S. dependence on foreign oil, assisting the balance of payments—*but* severely damaging the oil industry's profits and perhaps even its existence. A March, 1968, report of the National Economics Research Associates, while emphasizing the many obstacles to shale development, asserts that "it is well within the realm of the possible for the petroleum industry to find itself unintentionally the godfather of a fledgling shale oil industry, which once started could begin the function of supplanting its predecessor." One respected Washington energy analyst says a cheap method of shale oil production "could make Texas and Oklahoma look like another Appalachia."

To guard against such a calamity, however remote, the industry has bought up most of the privately owned shale land and has acted to deter such small-scale development work as has been conducted by private research teams. The Department of the Interior has cooperated by doing almost nothing to promote shale development and, at least in one case, has actually shut down a government research facility when its progress toward a commercial shale process began to worry oil men.

For several years after he became Secretary, Stewart Udall did little to alter this negative policy. Recently, however, Congressional pressure for development—especially from the Westerners who dominate the committees that must approve most Interior legislation—has increased. (Former Senator Paul Douglas raised many eyebrows when he estimated during Congressional hearings that royalties from shale development could pay off the national debt.) Udall therefore undertook to clear away some of the dense tangle of legal conflicts which obscure much of the shale land. Finally he announced a series of proposals which had the virtue at least of mollifying the

increasingly varied array of interested parties.

The initial proposals, involving leases with tight federal control over technological developments, were attractive enough to appease the development forces while restrictive enough to stave off those concerned about "giveaways." For their part, the oil men were happy because the provisions were so stiff that nobody could expect them to do anything but turn the proposals down. But the recent formal invitation to bid for test leases (published the day before Election Day) is, if not exactly irresistible, considerably more attractive than any of Udall's past efforts. It concerns three plots—ranging from 1,255 to 5,120 acres—of federal land in the Piceance Creek Basin of northwestern Colorado, the richest section of the shale land. The three sections are estimated to contain 450 million barrels of oil; in one of them, the shale is more than 1,000 feet thick.

Leases will be let under a "competitive bonus bidding" arrangement similar to that used by Interior in leasing offshore oil lands. Under this scheme, royalty rates on eventual production are set in advance, and the bidders compete by offering to pay one-time bonuses over and

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above those continuing fees. In this case the royalties are intended to approximate the 12½ per cent rate charged by the government on other Western oil and gas lands. (The program's terms do not alter current law which provides that the federal government will get only a *10 per cent* share of these royalties. A 37½ per cent share will go to the state in which the resource lies and 52½ per cent will go to the Reclamation Fund, a huge pork barrel organization that builds dams and other public works in seventeen Western states. "If shale really gets going," a Western legislator told me not long ago, "we'll be able to build a dam in every gulch in the West. The governor of Colorado will be able to declare quarterly dividends.")

While opening the program up to the highest bidders may seem fair, it almost guarantees that only the large oil companies will participate. The oil business in this country is a tight little family. Through an interlocking network, the industry controls all of its operations from drilling to pumping to refining to transportation through pipe lines to retail selling. Udall has often indicated his preference for a "broad participation" in shale development which would allow "smaller companies" to get into the development, but the provisions of the present bid will allow only the largest companies to participate. There are, of course, non-oil companies with substantial capital resources but they would probably be reluctant to become involved. For them suddenly to go into the oil business would be a little like Vladimir Horowitz trying to play guard for the Los Angeles Rams—the talent may be great but it is not relevant. There are many easier ways to make money than fighting the $50 billion oil industry.

Interior has ignored perhaps the only way, under this competitive bidding system, to avoid monopoly oil domination. That would have been to encourage large mining and chemical companies—some like Kaiser Aluminum have already shown interest—to develop the vast amounts of aluminum and sodium minerals which are intermixed with much of the shale. Udall himself, at 1967 hearings before the Senate Interior committee, stated: "It is likely, as we all know, that the largest, by far the largest deposits of aluminum minerals in the nation, in a nation that is short of aluminum, is present in these oil shale deposits." Yet the Secretary's recent program barely mentions these other minerals.

It is difficult to predict what the response of the big oil companies will be on December 20. Executives from several large companies told me last year that they wouldn't participate in a federal development program even if they were handed a few thousand acres outright. Since then, however, the oil industry has become more sensitive to charges that it opposes shale development, and more aware that, with all the commotion about the need for development, it should perhaps take the initiative and make sure that things go its way. (One provision of Udall's program should prove alluring to even the most wary oil man: lessees will be allowed to sit on the land *for seven years,* without paying the first penny in either bonuses or royalties.)

The possibility that a cheap production method will be found still vexes the oil men. The policy of Interior as reflected in the leasing program is apparently to do little research of its own, but two private studies are under way. A firm called CER Geonuclear Corp. is working with Interior and the Atomic Energy Commission to investigate the possibility that an underground nuclear explosion might be used to crush the shale so that it could be heated in place, the oil thus being released to be pumped to the surface. After some delay, a test explosion is scheduled to be fired next fall. Allied with CER, however, is a private-industry consortium dominated by most of the large oil companies. A second research operation is being conducted by a small company called The Oil Shale Corporation (TOSCO), which despite repeated promises has yet to come up with a commercial method. Though TOSCO is backed by money apparently unrelated to the oil industry, it has reportedly been negotiating with a few oil companies—Atlantic Richfield is said to be one of them—to undertake some kind of cooperative arrangement.

Thus it seems unlikely that persons unconnected with the oil industry will challenge its apparent control of the situation. Even if the oil companies deem it in their interest to develop the shale (there is always the possibility that the United States will run short of crude, or that nuclear power will prove prohibitively expensive or dangerous, or that coal, a potential major source of hydrocarbons will prove unattractive), it is improbable that the consumer will enjoy cheaper gas or oil. Shale oil would simply be slowly and nondisruptively eased into the market while the price-support legislation was being appropriately modified.

A number of Congressmen, notably Michigan Sen. Philip A. Hart, feel that in shale oil the country has a rare opportunity to develop an economic force strong enough to challenge established oil concerns, whose profit rates, thanks to tax breaks and other preferential benefits, are the highest of any industry in the country. There are two main possibilities. One would be to restrict development of federal shale to non-oil companies, while making leasing provisions so enticing and potentially lucrative that the outsiders would be willing to battle the industry's giants. Another widely recommended proposal is creation of a government-owned TVA-type corporation to produce shale oil.

Either idea would be politically most difficult to realize, even under a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress. With Richard Nixon coming into the White House, the oil industry does not appear to be seriously concerned. *The Wall Street Journal* reported, after making a survey of executives attending a recent meeting of the American Petroleum Institute, that "Oil men are generally jubilant over Mr. Nixon's victory." It was pointed out, for example, that Nixon is actually on record as favoring the 27½ per cent depletion allowance. "The oil men," the story went on, "rate Mr. Nixon more favorably to their industry than even President Johnson, whose native Texas is the nation's No. 1 oil-producing state."

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'THE QUALITY OF INEQUALITY'

THOMAS P. WILBUR
Since completing his doctoral work at Teachers College, Columbia, Mr. Wilbur has been serving on the research staff of the Michigan Dept. of Education, with special attention to the Detroit education suit.

As every ghetto parent knows, Dewey's dictum—"What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all its children"—has been studied and discussed in schools of education, but rarely obeyed by politicians. Quality public education, at least insofar as that elusive concept can be defined by relative expenditure levels, has traditionally been determined by community socio-economic levels and political power, rather than being determined by the educational needs of children.

Public schools are financed from two primary sources: local property taxes and state grants. Neither source has been egalitarian. The strength of a community's property-tax base is usually closely related to the socio-economic status of its citizenry; state aid appropriations (which are typically given according to so-called "equalization formulas") tend to locate money in politically powerful areas. Thus the amount spent on a child's education depends very much upon his place of residence. For example, the National Education Association estimated last year that Mississippi's school districts spent an average of $346 per pupil while New York's spent $982. Within-state differences, moreover, are approximately as great. New York's poorer districts spend less than $600, while its wealthy areas spend upward of two and a half times as much.

Opposition to these inequities is now becoming more intense, largely because the educational position of the great cities has been declining steadily by comparison with that of the suburbs. There is a double reason for the relative decline. In the first place, education is more expensive in the cities because the urban clientele, drawn increasingly from the disadvantaged, is more difficult to educate. It is also more expensive, however, because the cities try to do more for handicapped children, because school sites and construction cost more in the cities, and because of the demands of powerful teachers' unions. Second, the cities have relatively less money to apply to their educational problems than do the wealthy suburbs. "Municipal overburden," which puts a proportionately greater amount of the cities' municipal budget into such non-school items as police and fire protection, welfare, transportation, etc., and a decline in taxable wealth (again relative to the suburbs) have prevented urban education from keeping pace with the needs of disadvantaged children. In addition, state legislatures have not been receptive to city needs. A recent study of thirty-five metropolitan areas by Alan K. Campbell of Syracuse University revealed that, in 1962, suburbs were spending, on the average, $145 more per pupil than the cities—and receiving $40 more per student than the cities in state aid appropriations.

Hence two cities, Detroit and Chicago, despairing of providing quality education within the present financial context, have attacked the problem in the courts by arguing that their children have been denied their rights under the equal protection clause of the Constitution's Fourteenth Amendment. Detroit's case may be considered the archetype. Plaintiffs are the Detroit Board of Education and "next friends" of several Detroit school children; defendant is Michigan's treasurer. In outline, the brief prepared for the plaintiffs reasons that: (*1*) "The State of Michigan has assumed and is charged with the responsibility of maintaining and supporting a system of free public elementary and secondary school for all the children of the State of Michigan"; (*2*) the state, having undertaken this responsibility, is required by the equal protection clause "to discharge this responsibility on an equal basis for all children of the State, without favoritism or discrimination"; (*3*) as a result of the method adopted by the state for the apportionment of funds, plaintiff children are "denied educational opportunities which are substantially equal to those enjoyed by children attending public schools in many other districts of the State"; and (*4*) therefore, the state's apportionment formula is considered to be repugnant to the fundamental law of the United States."

If the courts find the above reasoning persuasive, their decisions will have far-reaching influence on American education. Not only would state educational apportionment formulas have to be revised to favor the cities, they would also have to be revised to equalize educational opportunity in the many rural areas of most states that are often poor even in comparison with the cities. It is doubtful that the present school finance structure could accommodate such a change, and the states would probably have to levy some sort of state-wide school tax on property. In addition, it is likely that the states could mandate a considerable consolidation of small school districts, so that state funds could be allocated efficiently. In short, the Detroit case has potentially greater significance for the structure and administration of public education than any case in American educational history—including, probably, the historic 1954 *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision.

The Supreme Court will probably hear the Detroit case, or one very much like it, in the next few years. How it will decide is a matter of guesswork, but participants in a recent conference on "The Quality of Inequality: Urban and Suburban Public Schools," held at the University of Chicago, were generally hopeful of eventual success. The conference, however, was held while the country still had a Warren Supreme Court. What a "Nixon Court" might decide is another matter.

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HARRY GOLDEN

North Carolina has the reputation of being a progressive Southern state. That reputation is somewhat accidental. There was no plantation or slave culture to speak of in North Carolina because the slavers could not dock any place along the Carolina coast. Cape Hatteras makes this part of the ocean the graveyard of the Atlantic. There were plantations and slaves in the counties down from Norfolk, Va., and some in those up from Charleston, but the rest of the state was populated by yeomen.

The state was also lucky in that it produced Governor Aycock around the turn of the century. Aycock was known as the "Education Governor" because he built the first widespread complex of public schools. It was lucky that after Aycock, Frank P. Graham became the president of the University of North Carolina and established a tradition of liberalism on which the state still trades. In 1960, Terry Sanford won election as governor and completely revamped the outmoded school system.

But that's about it for the state. With the exception of these three men and the historical fact that North Carolina almost declared for the Union, the state is not more liberal than Alabama or Mississippi. When the Supreme Court ordered an end to school segregation with all "deliberate speed," the Tar Heels concentrated on "deliberate" rather than "speed." It has never been their intention to accord full rights to the Negroes. Tar Heels figure there is some way to circumvent, delay or avoid every court directive. "Interposition," invented by Virginia, was adopted by North Carolina in the late 1950s. School desegregation has been a technique of gradualism and tokenism. Given ten years to desegregate by its own devices, North Carolina has failed miserably.

Because of this sort of thing in North Carolina, and elsewhere in the South, Congress in the 1964 Civil Rights Act directed that no federal funds be appropriated to any school which discriminates on the basis of race. This law resulted in the desegregation guidelines established by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. State officials, however, place their faith in "freedom of choice" plans, which means only that the state fails again because the school districts fail.

Dr. Charles F. Carroll, North Carolina State Superintendent of Public Instruction, revealed recently that only 22 per cent of colored children attended school with whites last year. Chairman D. S. Coltrane of the North Carolina Good Neighbor Council criticized the "freedom of choice" plans. "They must be true freedom of choice plans without interference on the part of school boards, school officials, citizens of the community or extremist groups of either race."

A progressive state is one that can realize that the process of school integration cannot be reversed or arrested. Would that Aycock, Graham and Sanford were with us now!

LETTERS *(Continued from page 674)*

Thomas Eakins

New York, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I am writing a book on the American painter, Thomas Eakins (1844-1916), which will include a catalogue *raisonné* of his works. I would appreciate it if anyone who owns work by Eakins, with whom I have not already been in communication, would be kind enough to write me at the following address: Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021. This would be of great help in completing the record of this leading American artist.

Lloyd Goodrich, Advisory Director

moral idiosyncracy

Ephraim, Utah

DEAR SIRS: In stating that "there is something *morally* wrong in breaking duly constituted laws" (December 2, 1968), Mr. Cohen mistakenly attempts to equate morality with legality. While it is true that men can, and often do, substitute morality for legality, the two are not one and the same. Morality is individual and idiosyncratic, whereas legality is societal. Moral codes require the individual's agreement. The law, on the contrary, does not require one's agreement, but only his obedience. It does not ask whether one's moral sense is outraged by this or that statute. It simply says *obey*. This being true, it follows that there is something legally wrong (not morally) in breaking duly constituted laws. If this were not so, one could never break a law, however evil, except at the expense of morality. Whether the preservation of society depends more upon laws that are binding on all men than it does upon idiosyncratic moral codes is, of course, an open question now in the deciding. But so long as one man's moral sense is outraged by a single law, there can be no question that disobedience to that law is a legal issue to be decided on legal grounds. Hence, until legality and morality become one, it is not necessarily true that "there is something *morally* wrong in breaking duly constituted laws."

John Hendrickson
Division of Humanities, Snow College

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MICHAEL B. FOLSOM

Mr. Folsom teaches literature at M.I.T. He is writing a popular study of Middle English literature, and editing the memoirs of Michael Gold.

Joan Evans, D Litt, D Lit, Hon VPSA, prefaces her conclusion of *The Flowering of the Middle Ages* with the opinion that "the invention of printing, more decisively than any other single event," marks the end of the medieval era and the beginning of the modern. As editor of a sumptuous and splendid example of the recent crop of intellectually pretentious, illustrated, popular gift books, she is concerned with the wider diffusion of knowledge among "ordinary" readers, and she is convinced that the latest flower of printing technology—the development of sophisticated and relatively inexpensive four-color photo-offset lithography—makes possible "a new kind of historical book," one in which "rich illustration" makes the social background "live." In effect, she argues that there is feedback from the new media of this "post-literate" society which makes the best that printing can do all the more appreciable: "Though education remains astonishingly bookish, our recreations have trained our eyes. . . . The cinema and the television set have trained us in visual nimbleness. . . ."

But exactly because the latest abilities of the printing press have so much to offer in the way of education and can be so splendid to the eye, the books under review are a disappointment. Opposite the beginning of Joan Evans' essay on "The End of the Middle Ages," is a full-page, full-color reproduction of the first kind of printed page, a leaf of a "block book," with a striking woodcut of St. Christopher, hand colored, and two lines of subscribed black-letter Latin caption carved into the block. We have come full circle; that is about the same relation between picture and text to be found in these examples of the very most modern printing.

A book in which any static image may be reproduced with startling fidelity is virtually a new medium, but these books bear an old message. They do not diffuse knowledge so much as they entertain the eye. Gift books and received opinions. What we get from the most sophisticated engineers of the printing industry is a modern version of the pious purpose of medieval visual art: "literature for the illiterate." Joan Evans affirms it: "Since the [medieval] documents are difficult, the visible picture over-rides the documentation. . . ."

Yet there are, perhaps atavistically, a lot of words in these books. Although the obvious appeal is to the eye, the McGraw-Hill and Horizon productions remain overgrown, but not grown up, school texts in which, formally, the graphics are meant to *illustrate* the text, or window dress it for the laggards. There is no effective integration of image with narrative or analysis.

The first failure is that the writing is dull, tedious, simple-minded, stodgy or dry. When I took on this review, I planned to make a point by boasting that I was probably the only fellow around who had actually read these books from cover to cover. They defeated my presumptuousness. (The editors of *Horizon* attempted to prevent reviewers from suffering a bad conscience by sending along a synopsis of the text covering 5½ single-spaced, legal-size pages, which I also did not finish reading.) But such costly books are not marketed for their intellectual content. The gift-book business decks the parlor, not the mind.

The McGraw-Hill book, the more dazzling of the two in its visual appeal, is a terribly British affair. The eight gentlemen whom the editor chose to write about their medieval specialties enjoy the loftiest of connections with the most conservative institutions of the Anglo-Saxon cultural establishment. One is keeper of Western manuscripts at the Bodleian and fellow of Balliol; another is deputy keeper of textiles at the Victoria and Albert; and so forth. Among them they share twenty-one alphabetical distinctions; FSA, FRSL, Hon DCL, FBA, FR Hist S, etc. Joan Evans hopes that the extravaganza she edits is "a new kind of historical book that is more concerned with the social background than with political events. . . ." But, of course, this kind of chatty, heavily researched, anecdotal, Protestant English, social historiography (specializing in the bawdry and peculation of popish churchmen, but respectful of the awesome power of an established religion in the maintenance of social order) is about as new as Skeat and Coulton and that whole host of genial Victorian pedant medievalists.

The Horizon book is concocted by a peculiarly American version of the same institution. Morris Bishop, Kappa Alpha professor of Romance Literature Emeritus at Cornell University, gets credit for the text, but we are informed that *The Middle Ages* is "by the editors of *Horizon Magazine,*" and Norman Kotker, "Editor in Charge," has equal and prior billing to "Author" on the title page. Thus authorized, the text has the homogenized quality of a *Time/Life* feature and the enthusiasm and profundity of Walt Disney in his "educational" moods.

On both sides of the Atlantic, it is agreed that, for instance, in the Dark Ages "the monks held the Western world together," that "the Middle Ages achieved an extraordinarily coherent and integrated civilization," that social stability was its chief virtue, that "the keyword to our conception of history is civilization." Civilization was, to be sure, what it is: Western and Christian. The Slavic, Islamic and Magyar peoples (among others) achieved nothing during "our" Middle Ages, except insofar as they impinged on the "Western" consciousness. Very old and ordinary stuff for the "ordinary reader."

The second disappointment is that the illustrative material, for all its glory, fails to illustrate. The pictures do not expand upon the understanding of the text partly because they are not properly exploited, and partly because they are inscrutable. Engaging, magnificent —and pretty, too—but, in large measure, inscrutable. Joan Evans is entirely too facile in her assumption that our new media have trained the modern eye to catch the meaning of a densely illustrated historical work. Our familiarity with the vitiated "realism" of mass-production movies and television has, if anything, rendered us less able to comprehend the formulaic, formalistic, symbolical, iconographic visual art of the Middle Ages—except as "quaint" and *other.*

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Take the block-book illustration of St. Christopher already mentioned. Missing here is some basic information which neither text nor caption supplies. A good many literate post-Christians might like to know why the saint is represented with the baby Jesus on his shoulders wading through water and what that has to do with his name. We would appreciate a translation of the caption which, in black letter, is dark even to one who knows the rudiments of Latin. But this is not the point.

What we absolutely require is some help with learning *how to see.* To begin with, some suggestions about how the wood-block medium helped shape or limit the image. Then some commentary on the mixture of rudimentary "naturalistic" impulses with forms symbolic and formulaic. What is the modern eye to do with the characteristically medieval blunt, blank, perspectiveless background to a dramatically conceived landscape which seems struggling to represent depth? How can we respond to the assumption that the natural thing to do, if you wanted to identify the most important figure in the scene, was to make him four or five times as large as the others? And what have these observations to do with, say, Breughel who, 100 years later, was driving his vast landscapes into the distance and dwarfing even Jesus under awesome escarpments of nature?

Or take another of the most striking of the reproductions in these books, one of the many manuscript illuminations. If the modern eye is accustomed to anything in medieval art it is manuscript illumination, which we take for cute and decorative. But what are we to do with the first page of John in the 12th-century "Stephen Harding Bible" (*"In principio erat verbum. . .":* "In the beginning was the word. . .")? The massive initial *I* with its embellishments is worked elaborately into the body of the text. Complicatedly grotesque, the letter rests upon the back of a nondescript but fetching beast which looks sublime and silly as it swallows the head of a rather greasy-looking, featherless red and blue bird. But what is really going on in this serious *jeu d'esprit* of piety is John himself in Cistercian habit sitting toward the top, signifying the law of his letters. While he teaches from a stylized scroll, an eagle (John's emblem, also stylized, with no attempt at verisimilitude) rests one foot on his head and, as the caption indicates, "digs its talons into his eyes, nose, mouth and ears, symbolizing the word of God being imprinted upon his senses." Now, this way of conceiving the communication of meaning in a graphic mode must boggle the modern visual understanding, for what can only mean torture to us, who are trained to accept an image as literal, was meant to signify ecstasy. We do not understand. Such exotic qualities of medieval art are greatly exaggerated by our ignorance. Some words of preparation and explanation are necessary.

Both the Horizon and McGraw-Hill books do include chapters on the art of the Middle Ages, but neither is much help in educating the understanding of its readers. Andrew Martindale, who is Joan Evans' expert on the subject, is interested in the sociology of the artist, and writes an essay on "The Changing Status of the Craftsman." He mainly characterizes and documents the development of the anonymous feudal court mechanic and decorator into the proto-Renaissance individual with an ego stake in the product of his genius. The essay is a work of that earnestly researched, substantial, meat-and-potatoes social historiography at which the English are so adept. It does have the virtue of ignoring another more pretentious indulgence of medieval art historians: the asocialization and mystification of art according to the metaphysics of Jung and Barfield and such. But Martindale doesn't even start to speculate about the effect of the changing status of the artist on the changing nature of the art, and has almost nothing at all to say about the visual imagination.

Morris Bishop's chapter on art (in the Horizon book) at least talks about the subject; and Bishop or his editors begin to exploit their rather more flexible format actually to *illustrate* a point, in one case, by juxtaposing four statues of the Madonna and Child in order to talk about the "development of realism." (The McGraw-Hill book includes one of these same pieces in a display of art objects traded internationally, and notes only that it is Parisian, 14th century.) But most of what Professor Bishop has to say is elementary and emulates the character of his opening remark: "The pictorial art of the Middle Ages is the product of the creative impulse. . . ." Hardly more than Martindale does he try to educate our reactions and, for instance, help us understand what it means when we come upon one of the late medieval bourgeois "realistic" paintings reproduced grandly in these volumes and feel a distinct relaxation, a relief to be among familiar things again.

The basic problem is that pictorial art cannot be a subject in books of this kind. It must be, in a sense, *the* subject. It is the obvious focus of attention in the consideration of all the other subjects, and is the one thing before the eye which demands explication at the turn of every page. But the introduction into such a book of more and better visual education for the lay spectator is not really the point either. At stake is respect for and full exploitation of the uses of art.

It should be possible to create a kind of pictorial history in which the visual art (not to mention the literary art) of the past is not merely supporting material and sales appeal but properly the starting point of the telling of social as well as aesthetic history, a prime medium of communication, a definition of the meaning of history, with attendant words explicating the medium and analyzing the message, and supplying whatever the graphic material cannot accomplish. And there *is* much else to be supplied.

Words will not die. Among other things, serious, sustained, complex inquiry into the past requires them. (And the words of the past, the high literature of the Middle Ages, for instance, has as much to offer as the visual art, though it is perhaps more difficult to approach. The McGraw-Hill book ignores the literary imagination altogether, and the Horizon book pays it but perfunctory attention with a mini-anthology selected on perverse and doubtful principles.) In response to a qualitative advance in printing technique, the historian should discover a new relation between his words and the splendors he can marshal before the eye. And, it seems to me that the medieval historian might respond to the necessity of illuminating the significantly alien ways of medieval

WELSH CHRISTMAS

It approaches, rustling like Birnam,
Moving ahead of the footprints

Blueblack in the snow.
A pilgrimage of trees.

The trail leads away from the pinewood
Where the amputations bleed.

In zero weather the axes
Rang sharp and clear,

The chips flew out like finches.
Merrily we confess the annual wounds

Nailing them crosswise to the floor
In the narrow firelit rooms.

Night comes early helped by clouds
Colored like the mouths of siege guns.

One by one the windows darken,
An owl hoots from the pinewood.

The village sleeps, postponing
Its proclamations of death and grief—

The beast-shape of the slag mountain
Softens under the falling snow.

ERIC BARKER

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art by conveying something new about the world so strangely replicated in that art.

The authors of these books, like others who write popularly about the European Middle Ages, complacently assume that we are all eager to know of this past because it is *our* past, our *heritage*, into which our roots sink and in which we have a born stake. But the pictures insist that this was a world starkly different even from that of the ethnocentric social and intellectual elite who identify the Western Christian tradition as the received culture of the race. Not only the institutions, mores, and styles of life were essentially different but also the very mind of man, to whom what we think bizarre might look commonplace and natural—what we consider reasonable, quite incredible.

Even more important, we have got to scotch the elitism of historiography which survives nowhere more comfortably than among the medievalists. Almost every other period of history has had its liberal and radical commentators to do battle with the crusty guardians of the dead, but not the Middle Ages. There have been a few Whiggish Protestants who have written about that period of British darkness before 1537 which was brightened only by Wyclif. A few English Marxists have dealt with aspects of the period or surveyed it briefly, A.L. Morton and Eric Hobsbawm mainly. There is a chapter or so of Arnold Hauser. But there is no body of sustained and scholarly argument.

The West is a much smaller bailiwick now. The racially alien and upstart peoples who have, in the last twenty years, wrested their independence from, and dismembered, piecemeal, the Western empires, have also called the culture of the West into question. The traditions of the men who ruled the West during the Middle Ages are only one cultural inheritance of man among many, and one which has been chiefly distinguished by the fact that it has been the culture of the oppressors of most of the rest of the world.

To be sure, the arts and accomplishments of oppressors are still the overwhelming portion of man's glory, his fattest inheritance—among the Slavs and Mongols, the Hindus and Mohammedans, and in black Africa, as well as here in the Christian West. We should be tough enough of mind to be able to enjoy the splendor of an age's art and, at the same time, detest the venality and brutishness of the men who ruled the age and bought the art. Art and the telling of history go well together. History tells us how different we once were and what we are now, and thus puts us in mind of what we might yet become.

$35 Worth of Hubris

EKISTICS: An Introduction to the Science of Human Settlements. *By Constantinos A. Doxiadis. Oxford University Press. 527 pp. Illus. $35.*

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect practicing in England. He is architectural critic of the New Statesman, *author of* Lost New York *(Houghton Mifflin), and is at work on a new book with a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation.*

When I was teaching at the Columbia School of Architecture I once tried to get Prof. Margaret Mead to attend a discussion on urban configurations, arranged as a class study. "I'm not sure whether or not I can make it," she explained obscurely, "it all depends on canoe schedules . . . but I'm most interested in the design of cities. I participated in the Doxiadis symposium at Delos last summer, you know."

That was the first I had heard of the Delos symposia though not of Doxiadis. The man had rather an odd reputation. He seemed quite famous in lay groups, in some glossy magazines, with some politicians; but among professional planners and architects he was mainly considered a lightweight, a publicist, even (as he played the familiar role of charismatic culture genius) a charlatan. Yet Doxiadis, a rich and well-connected Greek, had gone on from town and regional planning in his own country to work for the UN and do international consultation. He had founded his own periodical (*Ekistics*), and his own institute. Then, inviting famous scholars like Margaret Mead from all over the world on expense-paid visits to the beautiful Aegean, he presided over four symposia at Delos annually from 1963 to 1966.

As I reflect on it now, one of the most exasperating things about Doxiadis was his weakness for neologisms, naturally from the Greek. A city that works, to him, is *Entopia*; a changing city is *Dynapolis, Dynametropolis* or—coinage over coinage—*Dynamegalopolis*. He supports the establishment of a total science of man which he calls *Anthropics*. A future world-city will be *Ecumenopolis*. Then, of course, he refers to the practice of urban and regional planning as *Ekistics*, "the science of human settlements." From 1942 on Doxiadis has been discussing his own planning work through these Ekistic principles in various and variously titled lectures, articles and books. Now at last he takes us home to mama with *Ekistics* ($35).

Ekistics is the mother lode; mother science (as Doxiadis sees it) if perhaps not quite Mother of the Arts. Through much of its girth this fat book champions scientific process in studying and prescribing for human settlements. The argument—quarreling with nobody—goes on for so long, illustrated with scores of maps and charts, that one finally becomes critical rather than reinforced in one's prior convictions. It's symptomatic of another fundamental difficulty Doxiadis has with his critics: he so belabors the obvious, so claims credit for it, that even his siding with the angels at last seems sheer hubris.

But this question about science deserves further examination if only because Doxiadis wants it that way. *Should* urban and regional planning become Ekistics, the science, no less, of human settlements? First of all the professional's preparation for his job would

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be staggering. According to Doxiadis an Ekistician has to know plenty about nature, man, society, shells (structures) and networks (roads, water supply, electricity, etc.). Doxiadis decries specialists, praises scientific generalists; he quotes Bronowski, Vannevar Bush, Medawar, Huxley, Eiseley and others to show how the philosophy of science accommodates even prescriptive science. And so it does, to be sure. But *(1)*, where are all these well-rounded, also scientifically oriented, also *talented* planners—sorry, Ekisticians—to be found? Nowhere. I can't think of one, certainly not Doxiadis (but that's getting ahead of the story). *(2)* Planning generalists are fine, and they belong in politics. *(3)* Perhaps "overspecialization" is what is required now to adapt scientists to multiple sockets in new, complicated systems of collaborative study (a mathematician concerned with probabilities can tell us about shipping, where people want to live, stylistic change in art; a mathematical topologist or morphologist is a useful man to have in research on material efficiency or land use). Certainly planners should work scientifically—though Sir Peter Medawar's description of the process of scientific investigation is far hairier than Doxiadis seems to realize—but, planning itself a science? It sounds like a gambit, as Jane Jacobs has long suspected of planners, designed to make unpopular policies respectable.

Doxiadis turns this suspicion into an apparent certainty when he finally begins to describe his method of Ekistic analysis. Of course a planning procedure must come to grips with an enormous quantity of information before reaching even indeterminable conclusions. (Dealing with indeterminate situations is quite within the scope of scientific procedure, but that isn't the procedure outlined here.) Yet self-awareness about what he is doing seems wanting; amid all his quotation, notation and pontification on the loveliness of science, Doxiadis must be in a state of self-hypnosis when he gets out the meat cleaver for his "synthesis." Though you have to have a certain sympathy for the meat-cleaver approach to help find a design in the corpus of Ekistic facts.

When the Ekistician gets finished taking account of nature, man, society, shells, networks; how they interrelate and also correlate with residence, commerce, industry, administration, defense; how these are affected by money, labor, materials, land, and so on, it's no surprise that 49 million alternatives appeared in a Doxiadis study of the urban Detroit area. So Doxiadis hit upon his *I.D.E.A. method (Isolation of Dimensions and Elimination of Alternatives*—no procedural explanation) augmented by his *C.I.D. method.* Fifteen arbitrary whacks later he's down to one "alternative." Logic wins again, as that character in "Li'l Abner" says when he socks somebody on the nose.

A scientist in a laboratory is within his civil rights to play a wild hunch; but what about a planner who deals with thousands of lives over several generations? A few American planners are now beginning to see their work very differently. They believe that planners who pose as sheer scientists or pure professionals are simply disguising their prejudices, which at best are after all usually for the existing structure and values. They think the only chance for improved living in human settlements will come from precisely the opposite of what Doxiadis suggests: that planners should abandon mock neutrality and become instead politicians, blatant advocates of particular policies. From the practical point of view this means the public doesn't have to expect or depend on their being omnicultural geniuses. And as a matter of rational democratic government, it means that fundamental decisions which will affect the lives of all are argued in public. Planners contribute their best analyses and their designs, but they aren't "authorities," just advocates (and rival groups may hire contesting planners). This idea about planning contains its own I.D.E.A., but the result should be fair: planning is politics, not Ekistics.

If planning isn't Ekistics, is Ekistics at least a good study procedure? I have my doubts about this too, though such seems to be the purpose intended. This book—unlike others recently published from Le Corbusier, Victor Gruen, Edmund Bacon and Sybil Moholy-Nagy—is not strictly an apologia of work done or explication of a field of endeavor. I think *Ekistics* is really supposed to be a textbook, and it is indeed written in textbook language (though the author himself seems to have a funny prominence, and the work of what must be scores of people is always denoted by "I"). Many suggestions are made about design procedure, but let's take only the principal one, which should suffice for a demonstration of merit.

Doxiadis lays down fifty-four "Laws" representing his Ekistic theory, many of which are trivial or disputable. Law 34 however is certainly not trivial:

> All communities, and therefore, all Ekistic units tend to be connected to each other in a hierarchical manner. Every community of a higher order serves a certain number of communities of a lower order, and the same is true of specific functions within Ekistic units.

Now "hierarchy" is one of the great totem principles of planning and architecture. It refers to the indisputable fact that, for example, you can read in your room but you need to go to a small library for some books, a regional library for more arcane ones; many other people will do the same so, in programmatic terms, the regional library is hierarchically different from the small library or the home bookcase.

But a striking difficulty emerges when a planner tries to design, or even program, a city along strict hierarchical lines. This was beautifully explained in a classic paper published by Christopher

I. Existence

D. Modal Existence
7. State
8. Circumstance

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Alexander in 1965, titled "A City Is Not a Tree," in which Alexander showed that planners' cities are invariably hierarchical, based on a system of branching relationships (a *tree*), whereas the pattern of successful cities that have grown spontaneously is very different. The branches of neighborhoods and districts in the latter are not isolated from other branches, but short-circuit at many points where people seek amusements or markets or whatever, in adjacent districts, rather than in their own. These seemingly accidental "desire lines" enrich the urban fabric; there is a general *overlap* which represents exciting accidents of contact or situation. The alternative built into planned cities is dissociation and compartmentalization.

And paternalism. Doxiadis' plans, printed here, for Islamabad, Pakistan; Tema, Ghana; Khartoum and other cities, demonstrate not only hierarchical rigidity but authoritarianism that would be retrograde even among the most stringent controls granted planners in the urban West. Like W.W. Rostow's book, *The Stages of Economic Growth*, Doxiadis' cities suggest that new nations plod through weary stages to meet free choice in a retreating future, instead of leapfrogging ahead now . . . but the issue here is the total well-being of urban society, not just riches.

Law 34 is the most grotesque bit of didacticism; others are less harmful or are irrelevant. Doxiadis argues that cities will grow into a future world city (*Ecumenopolis*) of some 35 billion; also that growth in cities should be uni-directional—these notions tend to cancel each other out. There is a section on abstract form studies that resembles the enthusiasms of a Beaux Arts studio. Doxiadis' frequent quotations from Aristotle remind me of Robert Moses' scholarly allusions. And come to think of it, the comparison is rather apt, opprobrious though it may sound. If Robert Moses were as well-meaning as Levitt and talked like Buckminister Fuller, he would be Doxiadis.

Picasso Images

PICASSO THEATRE. *By Douglas Cooper. Harry N. Abrams. 360 pp. $25.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

I found this book beautifully exciting. But as I read it and stopped to look at its more than 447 plates (some of them in color) at the back of the volume, and also examined the numerous illustrations in the text, I began to wonder whether the excitement I was experiencing was not simply nostalgia. As a student I had lived in Paris and saw many of the ballets and shows for which a large number of the pictures in the book served as settings. They brought back memories.

What I recalled was the great theatrical and artistic occasions of the time. Were they as fascinating as I once thought? The answer is Yes, they were part of a wonderful epoch, and Douglas Cooper has made a first-rate record of an aspect of the period which concerns Picasso's ventures into the theatre.

As designer of the décors and of many of the costumes, Picasso collaborated with Serge de Diaghilev's Russian Ballet Company from 1917 to 1924. He also provided the setting for Cocteau's *Antigone* in 1924 and for Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* as produced in 1947, as well as designing curtains for a play by Romain Rolland in 1936, a curtain and a setting for a ballet by Serge Lifar as late as 1962.

These forays onto the stage constitute not only one aspect of Picasso's genius but also offer a clue to the character of his entire work. They are emblems of the man.

He painted clowns, acrobats, circus personnel as early as 1900. His paintings of cafés, dance halls, actresses, singers, so reminiscent of Toulouse-Lautrec, all proclaim his essential theatricality, his appetite for the adventure, the danger, the grandeur and misery, the bravura and the distortions of the "entertainment" world. There is an element of play in everything Picasso has done. The play is bold, extravagant, forceful and, not infrequently, angry and tragic.

In his clowns and circus riders Picasso sees not only their glamour (even in poverty and near despair) but their bravery; not only the marvel of their skill but the ultimate prospect of their downfall. The clowns and players of all descriptions (including those of the bullfight) will be feted and forgotten. Life will use them shabbily, waste them. They know this and yet they persevere. They struggle gallantly only to be defeated in the end; yet they are prepared to accept their fate. The game itself is its own justification and reward.

Picasso himself is a player. He courts peril: he achieves elegance. Like the vagrant mummers who come to Elsinore he can act everything: "tragedy, comedy, history . . . scene individable, or poem unlimited." His career is a constant prancing, he excels in movement; its rapidity is his pre-eminent trait. He is astonishing, especially in the combination of power and splendor. He is wholly modern and yet his work always gives evidence of his deep roots in tradition. Notes of a bygone grace are often struck.

Players "are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." Picasso has chronicled our time more vividly than almost any other artist. His chronicle begins with the hectic and sullied closing years of the 19th century, it moves to the scientific intuitions of the early 20th, goes on to the sardonically jazzy arabesques which followed the First World War, retreats for a moment in an attempted return to order to allay the holocaust which was to ensue. Soon he confronts the horror of fascism and the occupation, and finally returns to civilization's erratic and uncertain recovery.

Picasso is supremely fecund, and "superabundance," I. A. Richards once said, "is a common characteristic of great art. . . ." Picasso is incessantly productive; for this reason he has his flops. But what we remember in the main is his enormous vitality, his basic virility, his joy and his unfailing sense of drama.

The dancing madness of the twenties, its profusion of talent, its flushed autointoxication, its grinning defiance

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and scorn, its flamboyant social pageantry, all leave their traces in Douglas Cooper's book. We note them even in the descriptions of Picasso's relations with Diaghilev, Cocteau, Gertrude Stein, Satie, Stravinsky and the surrealists.

Cooper writes simply and effectively. He perceives the lines of Picasso's development with a natural receptivity to the nuances of artistic creation. Thus, to cite a single example, he recognizes that Picasso's venture into classicism was "a reaction against the brutality and destruction of the war, as well as against the violence and mockery of Dada . . . musicians and writers were all tending to substitute calm for violence, regular and generalized forms for the shattered forms which had prevailed for ten years or more."

This makes one reflect on the present moment and question the possibility of such an eventuality tomorrow. The very fact that the book arouses these immediate considerations, and offers reminders of past pleasures, indicates the measure of its value.

The Poem in Large Type

THE VOYAGE: And Other Versions of Poems by Baudelaire. *By Robert Lowell. Illustrations by Sidney Nolan. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 60 pp. $15.*

JEROME MAZZARO

Mr. Mazzaro is in the English Department at the State University at Buffalo. He is the author of a book of poems, Changing the Windows *(Ohio University Press), and of* The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell *(University of Michigan Press).*

Robert Lowell has presented his readers with an expensive Christmas gift book in *The Voyage and Other Versions of Poems by Baudelaire*. The poems, all of which appeared in *Imitations*, are here placed in new surroundings provided by Sidney Nolan, who illustrated the American edition of *Near the Ocean*, and also the *Time* magazine puff for the Yale opening of Lowell's *Prometheus Bound* last year. For those who remember the cover with its three-quarter view of Lowell's face emerging from a light, grayish wash and crowned by the laurel of an unofficial laureateship, the eclecticism of Nolan's "no-painting" technique has not improved much with time, color and enlargement.

Like *Near the Ocean*, the new book is designed in children's-book format: heavily leaded, large, clear type; lots of white space; and captioned illustrations on almost every other page. But the illustrations are not as simple or representational as those which woo children into self-consciousness. Impastos, washes, mixtures of oil and water color alert the reader to a sophistication and psychological subtlety underneath. For Baudelaire, there are dark backgrounds, suggestive of the vague, obscure pasts out of which the French poet worked; but a statement Nolan made in 1962 after his journey to Africa equally obtains: "I feel there's a kind of painting to be done with animals and natural camouflage that would be, in a sense, a no-painting; there would be a total disappearance of the image—but if you stared at the painting long enough, the image would eventually waft up." As it wafts up, this image shares in the irrational, buried instinctual life of the viewer.

Nolan's statement is important. Since *For the Union Dead* and *The Old Glory*, Lowell has been trying in his poetry to approximate the same "total disappearance" of the image into environment and its eventual recovery. In fact, his reemergence as a "political" poet has involved precisely his moving more deeply into the recesses of the imagination so that the "camouflage" of Nolan's style could merge with both the "double" of Baudelaire's "Au Lecteur" and the shadow figures of depth psychology. For Lowell, these shadow figures which are metaphors of man's irrationality, the secularized Devil, and fragmented egos, account somehow for the violence and idealism which he finds in America. As he remarked in an interview shortly after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, "We have a thing for the Western movie: some sort of faith that the man who can draw most quickly is the real hero. He's proved himself."

The concern for these tendencies which began in the political jingoism of *Land of Unlikeness* was transformed in *Lord Weary's Castle* and *The Mills of the Kavanaughs* into dramatic structures where politics became part of the characters and surfaced only in their terms. Now, as psychological analogues, it manifests itself again more generally to explain the present political mood and to insist that American society must be so reconstructed as to permit individual psychic fulfillment. One might argue that this "nonpartisan" politics merely transfers to psychology the hopes he once assigned to religion, but it is fortunate that he should develop such a politics and choose an election year to tell his readers to reread the Baudelaire. Read in the deliberate echoes and metaphors of psychology, and in the contexts of his interviews and *Near the Ocean*, the poems force upon one a more complex view of the contemporary social condition than the oversimplifications of politicians.

And in such a politics—since a reconciliation with the shadow figure is individually important for psychic growth and an integrated self—the continued opposition on a collective scale of rational self and sinister shadow leads Lowell to believe that the lack of definition and growth in American culture might have compensating social and aesthetic advantages. It forestalls a possible anomie resulting when a rapidly changing technology forces the imagination to outdistance more slowly moving, rigidly defined social institutions. New York City's lack of past produces a "sheer feeling of utter freedom," as opposed to more constrictive Boston which "is all history and recollections." In addition, it permits a poetry which, like the culture, has a built-in tension and energy of man's contradictory political stances. This last is particularly important for Lowell, for as he confessed to Stanley Kunitz in another interview: "One side of me . . . is a conventional liberal, concerned with causes, agitated about peace and justice and equality, as so many people are. My other side is deeply conservative, wanting to get at the root of things, wanting to slow down the whole modern process of mechanization and dehumanization, knowing that liberalism can be a form of death too." "In the writing of a poem," he goes on to say, "all our compulsions and biases should get in, so that finally we don't know what we mean."

But the ultimate impression of settling with these "advantages" of an unreconciled self individually and collectively is "fragmentation," for one basic function of an integrated self is the seeing of things wholly and simply and the lending to objects thereby a consistent pattern. This "fragmentation" characterizes Lowell's recent work, especially in the area of voice. His lines purposely skitter from slang to formal diction without transition or reason as the accompanying art work of Nolan skitters, too, from graffiti, comic strip, and *Saturday Evening Post* illustration to Picasso, Klee and Redon. One shocks, for example, at the diction in "To the Reader" pairing "defecate and fuck," or rhyming the euphemistic "counterfeits" (whores) with a not so subtle "tits." This "fragmentation" carries even to the fourteen poems which Lowell

TIMING

The year's run out
to the tip
blossom on the snapdragon
stalk

A. R. AMMONS

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chooses to make up the volume and which concern themselves with dual views of life. It is clear from their selection that Lowell means for America to resolve its unconscious double culture by coming to grips consciously with "the two great symbolic figures that stand behind American ambition and culture" —Milton's Lucifer and Melville's Captain Ahab. "These two sublime ambitions," according to Lowell, "are doomed and ready, for their idealism, to face any amount of violence."

That Lowell should use the vehicle of translation to free himself from the past is not strange. Translation has most consistently evinced his rejection of historicity. As Edmund Wilson remarked on the appearance of *Imitations*, the poems are not a legacy but "a volume of verse which consists of variations on themes provided by . . . other poets and which is really an original sequence by Robert Lowell of Boston." The book begins and ends with "mania," as if all history rose out of and descended into it, and what appears to have permanence in between decays and disappears. The model for such a presentation is Ezra Pound's "Homage to Sextus Propertius," which takes parts of the "Carmina" and rewelds them into a unified modern sequence.

The technique is not a device for negative capability: Lowell is not trying to get out of himself. He is consciously using other poets to widen the range and deepen the effects of his own poetic personality, and rather than finding a way out of extreme subjectivity through translation, he is, in fact, subjecting the originals to the same subjectivism of his own poetic materials. Thus when he takes a line like the devil-scientist "hissing" in "To the Reader" and makes it echo the devil-peddler's "groaning" in "After the Surprising Conversions" and the "ill-spirit sob" of "Skunk Hour," he does so because he can best understand and convey the meaning of the original by translating it into his own sphere. To compare the English versions atomistically to the original as if Lowell had nothing better to do than provide trots will only be confusing and unfair. The poems which form the book are deeply moving. They were greatly and rightly praised when *Imitations* appeared, but they are more Lowell than Baudelaire and more contemporary than past, and should be read in that context.

Looking Backward

THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA. *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. 398 pp. 60 photographs. 11 maps. $10.*

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana. He is a professor of anthropology at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina campus.

It is a remarkable fact that, after having lived as physical neighbors for four and a half centuries, only within recent years have the European-derived peoples who settled in the New World begun to acquire even elementary knowledge and understanding of the Indians who settled here before them.

There are of course explanations for this. It is only within recent times that men have shed some of their parochialism and moved toward an accommodation with others than those of their own kind—a movement of glacial velocity. A more persuasive explanation perhaps can be ascribed to the numerous studies of Indian societies published by competent observers within the past half century, so that those who are interested can read. Earlier writings about Indians were often no more than compilations extracted from the journals, reports, etc., of badly informed and even hostile sojourners in the Indian country.

From these modern studies have come, still more recently, serious attempts to reconstruct the history of the original settlement in the New World. One of the most creditable of these efforts is the present volume by Alvin Josephy. In scant 398 pages, he has compressed a possible 30,000 years of New World development encompassing both continents, up to and including a swift survey of conditions under which contemporary Indians live. The book is illustrated with an excellent selection of maps, drawings, paintings and modern photographs, and offers a good working bibliography. Even with these aids to visualization, the casual reader may find the book heavy going because of the massive detail which Mr. Josephy has felt compelled to include. This is of course an indication of the wealth of material now available in published form, much of it, regrettably, sequestered in scholarly journals. For the reader who conscientiously desires to extend his knowledge of American history beyond his own mental backyard and cannot get to the scholarly publications, the Josephy volume is an

ALL DAY ALL NIGHT NEW YORK

1

In the middle of a cultivated
lake I wake up
on the second floor
of the Museum of Modern Art
surrounded by water-light
flowing through flowers
strokes of light
blue green rose
they tremble against my eyes.

2

Gulls hang tight
in their own wings.
Over the rail cold
runs in my face like tears
where one girl poet rode
back and forth
all night on the ferry
past the great lady
with her green spiked hair.

3

The trees are bare.
They are serious and moral
like worn-out lovers.
There's a hospital with fake
Greek columns where we wait.
Classic as minor
temples. Light drains
off them. The bus
is late.

Look how
that iron branch
bends to the sky, springs
with small lights,
flies out to Brooklyn
between two spires!
And as we cross
the red sun
gives off sparks.

5

The skin of your throat
is paler than mine.
All night they breathe, those
frail blue flowers, promising
only what we reach for.
Handles of light,
our wrists through water.
Silk I step out of
green rose.

SHIRLEY KAUFMAN

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excellent introduction to the subject.

The writer working in a field as fluid and as subject to ongoing discoveries as New World prehistory, selects from among various possible sequences of events or interpretations of events in order to put together a logical and readable narrative. He must do that if he wants to avoid wandering all over the landscape and leaving the reader in a welter of confusion. But once he makes his choices, he can expect to be challenged or at least questioned by those who favor a different interpretation or who prefer to keep the option open. The Josephy book makes such inevitable choices, two of which might be examined briefly.

In organizing his material, Josephy has related it to culture areas as a convenient and, within limits, a logical arrangement. A culture area as usually defined is a geographic region (i.e., the Plains, the Southwest), within which tribes more or less resemble one another in their style of life, and are markedly different from tribes of other culture areas. These differences arise essentially out of the kinds of adaptation called for by differing physical environments. The value of the culture area as a descriptive device is to emphasize the diversity which in fact existed in native America. There was no one Indian language, no one Indian culture. Beyond that, the concept heads into difficulty. Boundaries between such areas tend to be indeterminate. There may be groups within the area which do not fit the definition. But the most serious difficulty is that culture area is a static term; it allows for no dimension in time. It suggests to the unwary reader that the people inhabiting the open plains were always foot-loose hunters running buffalo to earth, or that the southwestern tribes were always village farmers. If the chronology of New World settlement could be sliced like a bologna at 1,000-year intervals beginning at, say, 10,000 B.C., it is probable that no two cross sections would match up. Environmental adaptation is an ongoing process, giving rise to variations in time as well as in space.

The other point to be mentioned involves a question for which there is no clear answer at present. It has to do with the climate that prevailed over western North America after the glaciers retreated from mid-continent about 12,000 years ago. Some students of the subject have insisted that the moist, cool climate which immediately followed the withdrawal of the northern ice fields was succeeded by a dry, hot period that prevailed during 6000-5000 B.C., or thereabouts. Such a climate, presumably, was accompanied by prolonged droughts and the disappearance of much vegetation, which in turn brought about the extinction of most of the big-game animals which early man hunted—several species of elephant, an early horse, camels, a giant-size buffalo, a four-horned antelope, and many lesser species. Man himself, according to this view, withdrew from the High Plains and sought better watered grasslands toward the north and east.

The countering view accepts the evidence for higher temperatures than prevail today, but finds no relationship between the disappearance of the large mammals and the increased aridity of that 1,000-year period. These animals, it is contended, had already become extinct before the drought struck. No one has yet explained why this happened, though there is a suspicion that man, the efficient predator, was at least partly responsible.

In accepting the prior interpretation, Josephy has the support of the known archaeological record, which is lacking in dated occupation sites from approximately 7,000 to 4,500 years ago. But this, according to the countering view, means only that the sites have not been discovered, not that they do not exist. It is further contended that Western weather and Western plant life have not appreciably altered during the last 12,000 years. And there the matter stands.

When experts disagree, it is advisable to stand aside and offer to hold somebody's coat.

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ART BOOKS II/Lawrence Alloway

DOSSO AND BATTISTA DOSSI: Court Painters at Ferrara. *By Felton Gibbons. Princeton University Press. 237 black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $30.*

The reconstruction and interpretation of the enigmatic Dossi will satisfy the author's peers, and the account of 16th-century court culture is vivid and absorbing. Recommended.

GREECE, GODS, AND ART. *By Alexander Liberman. Introduction by Robert Graves. Text and captions by Iris C. Love. Viking Press. 121 illustrations, color and black and white. 64 pp. (text). Pre-Christmas $19.95; thereafter $22.50.*

The problem of picture books is the verbal accompaniment. Categories like "Great Earth Mother" and "Apollo" confer unneeded symbolic overtones on the groups of images. However, Liberman's photographs are ravishing; Childe Harold with color film.

THE GREAT AGE OF FRESCO: Giotto to Pontormo. *Introduction by Ugo Procacci. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 234 pp. $4 paper.*

The catalogue of the recent giant show at the Met, now touring Europe. Well illustrated, but especially interesting for technical and artistic information about the frescoes not available in English before.

GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. *Carlo Ludovico Ragghianti, editorial di-*

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rector of the series. Newsweek. Distributed by Simon & Schuster. $10 each. "Louvre, Paris." *Introduction by René Huyghe. 131 color illustrations.*

"British Museum, London." *Preface by S. Leigh-Browne. 134 color illustrations.*

"Vatican Museums, Rome." *Preface by Deoclécio Redig de Campos. 124 color illustrations.*

"National Gallery, Washington." *Introduction by John Walker. 131 color illustrations.*

"Prado, Madrid." *By F. J. Sánchez Cantón. 125 color illustrations.*

Introductory essays on each collection, followed by deplorable art appreciation-type blurbs about the generally wretched color reproductions.

THE PARADE'S GONE BY . . . *By Kevin Brownlow. Alfred A. Knopf. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 596 pp. $13.95.*

Discursive, detailed and illuminating information about the early movies, based on interviews. Ugly design, but otherwise recommended.

CINEMA WORLD. *Penelope Houston, Tom Milne and Peter Wollen, editors of the series. Doubleday & Co. Black-and-white illustrations. $4.95 each. $2.95 paper.*

"The New Wave." *Edited by Peter Graham. 184 pp.*

Scrappy and inconclusive choice of recent French film criticisms.

"Alain Resnais, or the Theme of Time." *By John Ward. 168 pp.*

"Howard Hawks." *By Robin Wood. 200 pp.*

In both studies, the techniques of literary criticism are applied to directors' themes, scrupulously in Ward's case, ineptly in Wood's.

JEAN-LUC GODARD. *Edited by Toby Mussman. E. P. Dutton. Black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $2.95 paper.*

Critical anthology of articles on, and statements by, Godard. Recommended.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: Early Comedies. *By Isabel Quigly. E. P. Dutton. Black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. $1.95 paper.*

Detailed survey of 1914-19. Enlightening.

HITCHCOCK. *By François Truffaut. Helen G. Scott, collaborator. Simon & Schuster. 472 black-and-white illustrations. 256 pp. $10.*

Elaborate, and on the whole rewarding, interviews; but a dialogue is only as good as both participants, and Truffaut's expertise is often too conventional to trigger Hitchcock's conversation significantly. (Reviewed in *The Nation*, March 4.)

MATRIX OF MAN: An Illustrated History of the Urban Environment. *By Sibyl Moholy-Nagy. Frederick A. Praeger. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 317 pp. $15.*

Useful survey of urbanism, but the subject is bruised by generalizations about cyclic culture and such.

PLANNING AND CITIES. *George R. Collins, editor of the series. George Braziller. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 128 pp. $5.95 each.*

"Village Planning in the Primitive World." *By Douglas Fraser.*

"Urban Planning in Pre-Columbian America." *By Jorge Harding.*

"Cities and Planning in the Ancient Near East." *By Paul Lampl.*

"Medieval Cities." *By Howard Saalman.*

Admirable series, which gets away from the study of architecture as monuments and single buildings and considers building as systems of human use in time.

(See also Art Booklist in issue of December 16.)

Records 1968 / David Hamilton

In addition to the category "Records of the Year," this compilation includes sections devoted to "Repertory of Special Interest" (first recordings, or significantly better recordings than have been previously available), and "Performances of Special Interest" (unusual readings of more standard literature). A final section lists "Significant Reissues" of historical recordings. Except in this last category, all records listed are in stereo.

I. Records of the Year

BACH: Cantata No. 198. Soloists, Hamburg Monteverdi Chorus; Concerto Amsterdam; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9496. $5.95.

BERG: Violin Concerto. Josef Suk; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; Karel Ancerl, cond. Crossroads 22 16 0172. $2.49.

BRAHMS: *Magelone Romances.* Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Epic BC 1371. $5.79.

CARTER: Double Concerto. Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano; English Chamber Orchestra; Frederik Prausnitz, cond. Variations for Orchestra New Philharmonic Orchestra; Frederik Prausnitz, cond. Columbia MS 7191. $5.79.

DEBUSSY: *La Mer; Jeux; Prélude à l' après-midi d'un faune.* New Philharmonia Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. CBS 32 11 0056. $5.79.

LISZT: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2, 3, 8, 13, 15, 17; *Csárdás obstiné.* Alfred Brendel, piano. Vanguard VCS 10035. $3.50.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 6. New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M3S 776. $17.37 (with Symphony No. 9).

SCHUMANN: *Etudes Symphoniques;* Fantasia in C. Alfred Brendel, piano. Vanguard VCS 10020. $3.50.

II. Literature of Special Interest

BERG: *Lulu.* Evelyn Lear, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, et al.; Orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin; Karl Böhm, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139 273/5. $17.37.

BUSONI: Six Elegies. David Bean, piano. RCA Victrola VICS 1379. $2.50.

Piano Concerto. John Ogdon; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Daniel Revenaugh, cond. Angel S-3719. $11.58.

CARTER: Piano Concerto. Jacob Lateiner; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LSC 3001. $5.79.

CRUMB: *Night Music I.* Louise Toth, soprano; Paul Parmelee, piano and celesta; David Burge, Thomas McCluskey, percussion; George Crumb, cond.; CRI S-218. $5.95.

GERHARD: Symphony No. 1; Dances from *Don Quixote.* BBC Symphony Orchestra; Antal Dorati, cond. Seraphim. S-60071. $2.49.

IVES: Complete piano works. Alan Mandel. Desto DST 6458/61. $23.92.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals and *Scherzi musicali.* Soloists; members of the English Chamber Orchestra; Raymond Leppard, cond. Oiseau-Lyre SOL 299. $5.95.

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MOZART: *La Clemenza da Tito.* Soloists; Vienna State Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Istvan Kertesz, cond. London OSA 1387. $17.37.

SCHOENBERG: String Trio; *Ode to Napoleon;* other works. Juilliard String Quartet; John Horton, speaker; Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia M2S 767. $11.58.

Von Heute auf Morgen; Choral Music. Various performers; Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M2S 780. $11.58.

SESSIONS: Violin Concerto. Paul Zukofsky; RTF Orchestra; Gunther Schuller, cond. CRI S-220. $5.95.

SZYMANOWSKI: Violin Concerto No. 1. Wanda Wilkomirska; Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra; Witold Rowicki, cond. Heliodor S-25087. $2.49.

VERDI: *Ernani.* Soloists; RCA Italiana Chorus & Orchestra; Thomas Schippers, cond. RCA Victor LSC 6183. $17.37.

WEBERN: String Quartet. SCHOENBERG: *Ode to Napoleon.* STRAVINSKY: Three Pieces; Concertino. Claremont Quartet; Bernard Jacobson, speaker; Joanna Nickrenz, piano. Nonesuch H 71186. $2.50.

WOLF: *Spanisches Liederbuch.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Gerald Moore, Deutsche Grammophon 139 329/30. $11.58.

WUORINEN: Chamber Concerto for Flute and Ten Players. Harvey Sollberger; Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University; Charles Wuorinen, cond. MARTINO: Concerto for Wind Quintet. Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. CRI S-230. $5.95.

III. Performances of Special Interest

BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonata in C minor, Op. 111; Bagatelles, Op. 126. Jacob Lateiner. RCA Victor LSC 3016. $5.79.

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique; Lélio.* Soloists; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Pierre Boulez, cond. CBS 32 B1 0010. $7.79.

DEBUSSY: *Chansons de Bilitis.* Régine Crespin, soprano; John Wustman, piano. London OS 26043. $5.79.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 8. Soloists; Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. Everest 3189/2. $9.96.

STRAVINSKY: *Sacré du Printemps; Fireworks.* Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA Victor LSC 3026. $5.79.

VERDI: Arias from early operas. Montserrat Caballé, soprano; RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra; Anton Guadagno, cond. RCA Victor LSC 2995. $5.79.

IV. Significant Reissues

BEETHOVEN: Quartets in C-sharp minor Op. 131, and A minor, Op. 132. Busch Quartet. Odeon E 80968/9. $4.79 each.

DVORAK: Symphony No. 7. London Symphony Orchestra; Pierre Monteux, cond. RCA Victrola VICS 1310 (stereo). $2.50.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde.* Grace Hoffman, Helmut Melchert; SWDR Orchestra; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Turnabout TV 34420 (stereo). $2.50.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No 9. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Heliodor 25074. $2.49.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 4. HAYDN: Symphony No. 88. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Heliodor 25073. $2.49.

VERDI: Operatic arias. Zinka Milanov, soprano. RCA Victrola VIC 1336. $2.50.

Te Deum. Robert Shaw Chorale; NBC Symphony Orchestra; Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victrola VIC-1331. $2.50.

WAGNER: Orchestral selections. Berlin and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Seraphim IB 6024. $4.98.

RECITAL: Songs of Brahms, Loewe, Wolf. Hans Hotter, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim 60065. $2.49.

RECITAL: Songs and opera arias. Alexander Kipnis, bass. Seraphim 60076. $2.49.

Operatic Arias; songs by Wolf. Tiana Lemnitz, soprano. Odeon E 73398. $4.79.

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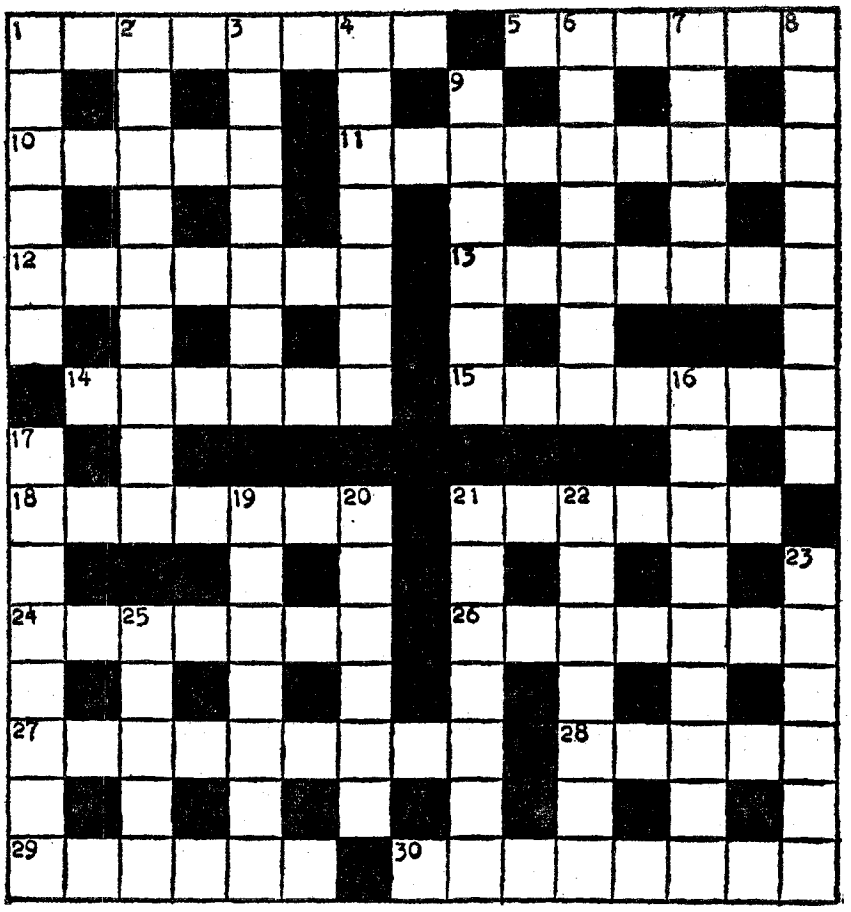
Crossword Puzzle No. 1277

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 10 Abstruse drama? The coy ingenue might! (4,4,2,3)
5 Steady and good man, fully qualified. (6)
10 See 1 across
11 and 25 down Does it imply one shouldn't be right on the edge of the paper? (6,3,5)
12 What's left of the seminar, anyway? (7)
13 Plant having a fish tail, sometimes used with salad. (7)
14 Implies how a girl might like to be seen, it sounds. (6)
15 Art must change its basic structure. (7)
18 Marked advance, perhaps the result of pumping. (7)
21 Is not up and around just to repudiate something! (6)
24 Union get-together. (7)
26 Each art has its difficulty with this passage. (7)
27 This famous fighter didn't get title consideration, despite his many victories. (9)
28 Where 2 are often 17. (5)
29 One employed to carry beer? (6)
30 If you insist, it's how a lover of Cucerbito Pepo kept his wife! (4,4)

DOWN

1 More than one gentleman referred to in 30 gets exhausted! (6)
2 Anger must change their appearance, but probably weakens their case. (9)
3 Reserved for emergencies when the lion gets loose? (3,4)
4 A forceful driver, but sees poorly for a king! (7)
6 More spare paint is mixed with it! (7)
7 Ask about the rising of a way to confuse things. (5)
8 One hears with them a murder's solved! (8)
9 Compulsions useful in golf and tennis. (6)
16 She won out, but had difficulty in finding a place to stay. (4,5)
17 Strangely enough, figures are only when one checks them, usually. (6,2)
19 Flatter sincerely, as they say. (7)
20 Non-U form of judging? (6)
21 Relaxing of tension. (7)
22 A visual problem about the most important description of some fattening foods. (7)
23 The color of some petals? (6)
25 See 11 across

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ACROSS: 1 Consequence; 10 and 9 Brief case; 11 and 30 Up in arms; 12 Feature; 13 Ebb tide; 15 Corridor; 16 Escape; 18 Bossed; 21 and 19 down The crack of dawn; 24 Adjoins; 26 Estival; 28 Owed; 31 Protagonist. DOWN: 2 Overtures; 3 Sobered; 4 and 23 Quitclaims; 5 Effable; 7 Gazebo; 8 Wind-up; 14 Truth; 17 Cardinals; 20 Dentist; 22 Eastern; 25, 29 and 6 Order in the court; 27 Stag.

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